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The Voyageur

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By the Author of

"The Habitant"

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By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Voyageur, and Other Poems.

The Habitant, and Other French-Canadian Poems.

Johnnie Courteau, and Other Poems.

Phil-o-Rum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

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"So I fill de glass an' I raise it high
An' drink to de Voyageur."

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THE VOYAGEUR

[illegible]

OTHER POEMS

By William [illegible]
Drummond, M.D.
[illegible]

With [illegible]

Frederick Stokes Co. [illegible]

New York [illegible]
G. P. Putnam's Sons
The Knickerbocker Press
[illegible]

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THE VOYAGEUR

: : : : : AND

OTHER POEMS

By William Henry Drummond, M.D.

Author of "The Habitant," "Johnnie Courteau," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

Frederick Simpson Coburn

New York and London
G. P. Putnam's Sons
The Knickerbocker Press
1906

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Bi.

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

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TO

WILLIAM HENRY PARKER

LAC LA PÊCHE

Philosopher of many parts,
Beloved of all true honest hearts,
A man who laughs at every ill,
Because " there 's corn in Egypt still."

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"Far, far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell."

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"De woman an' chil'ren 's runnin' out
On de wigwam of de Cree—
De leetle papoose dey laugh an' shout
W'en de soun' of hees voice dey hear—
De oldes' warrior of de Sioux
Kill hese'f dancin' de w' ole night t'roo,
An de Blackfoot girl remember too
De ole tam Voyageur.

"De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,
An' I lissen hees 'En Roulant'
On de lan' w'ere de reindeer travel free,
Ringin' out strong an' clear—
Offen de grey wolf sit before
De light is come from hees open door,
An' caribou foller along de shore
De song of de Voyageur.

"If he only kip goin', de red ceinture,[1]
I 'd see it upon de Pole
Some mornin' I 'm startin' upon de tour
For blowin' de worl' aroun'—
But w'erever he sail an' w'erever he ride,
De trail is long an' de trail is wide,
An' city an' town on ev'ry side
Can tell of hees campin' groun'."

[1] Canadian sash.

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So dat 's de reason I drink to-night
To de man of de Grand Nor' Wes',
For hees heart was young, an' hees heart was light
So long as he 's leevin' dere—
I 'm proud of de sam' blood in my vein
I 'm a son of de Nort' Win' wance again—
So we 'll fill her up till de bottle 's drain
An' drink to de Voyageur.

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"So de devil ketch heem of course at las'."

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BRVNO THE HVNTER

YOU never hear tell, Marie, ma femme,
Of Bruno de hunter man,
Wit' hees wild dogs chasin' de moose an' deer,
Every day on de long, long year,
Off on de hillside far an' near,
An' down on de beeg savane?

Not'ing can leev' on de woods, Marie,
W'en Bruno is on de track,
An' young caribou, an' leetle red doe
Wit' baby to come on de spring, dey know
De pity dey get w'en hees bugle blow
An' de black dogs answer back.

No bird on de branch can finish hees song,
De squirrel no longer play—
De leaf on de maple don't need to wait
Till fros' of October is at de gate
'Fore de blood drops come: an' de fox sleeps late
W'en Bruno is pass dat way.

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So de devil ketch heem of course at las'
  Dat 's w'at de ole folk say,
An' spik to heem, "Bruno, w'at for you kill
De moose an' caribou of de hill
An' fill de woods wit' deir blood until
  You could run a mill night an' day?

"Mebbe you lak to be moose youse'f,
  An' see how de hunter go,
So I 'll change your dogs into loup garou,[1]
An' wance on de year dey 'll be chasin' you—
An' res' of de tam w'en de sport is troo,
  You 'll pass wit' me down below."

An' dis is de night of de year, Marie,
  Bruno de hunter wake:
Soon as de great beeg tonder cloud
Up on de mountain 's roarin' loud—
He 'll come from hees grave w'ere de pine tree
    crowd
  De shore of de leetle lake.

You see de lightning zig, zig, Marie,
  Spittin' lak' loup cervier,[2]
Ketch on de trap? Oh! it won't be long
Till mebbe you lissen anoder song,
For de sky is dark an' de win' is strong,
  An' de chase is n't far away.

[1] Were wolf. [2] Lynx.

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W'y shiver so moche, Marie, ma femme,
For de log is burnin' bright?
Ah! dere she 's goin', "Hulloo! Hulloo!"
An' oh! how de tonder is roarin' too!
But it can't drown de cry of de loup garou
On Bruno de hunter's night.

Over de mountain an' t'roo de swamp,
Don't matter how far or near,
Every place hees moccasin know
Bruno de hunter he 's got to go
'Fore de grave on de leetle lake below
Close up for anoder year.

But dey say de ole feller watch all night,
So you need n't be scare, Marie,
For he 'll never stir from de rocky cave
W'ere door only open beneat' de wave,
Till Bruno come back to hees lonely grave—
An' de devil he turn de key.

Dat 's way for punish de hunter man
W'en murder is on hees min'—
So he better stop w'ile de work is new,
Or mebbe de devil will ketch heem too,
An' chase heem aroun' wit' de loup garou
Gallopin' close behin'.

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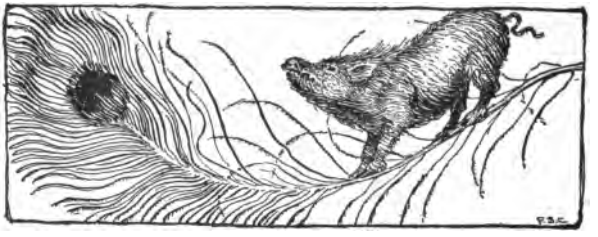

PRIDE

MA fader he spik to me long ago,
"Alphonse, it is better go leetle slow,
Don't put on de style if you can't afford,
But satisfy be wit' your bed an' board.
De bear wit' hees head too high alway,
Know not'ing at all till de trap go smash.
An' mooshrat dat 's swimmin' so proud to-day,
Very offen to-morrow is on de hash." [1]

Edouard de Seven of Angleterre,
An' few oder place beside,
He 's got de horse an' de carriage dere
W'enever he want to ride.
Wit' sojer in front to clear de way,
Sojer behin' all dress so gay,
Ev'rywan makin' de grand salaam,
An' plaintee o' ban' playin' all de tam.

[1] Old proverb of Ste. Flore.

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Edouard de Seven of Angleterre,
All he has got to do,
W'en he 's crossin' de sea, don't matter w'ere,
Is call for de ship an' crew.
Den hois' de anchor from down below,
Vive le Roi! an' away she go,
An' flag overhead, w'en dey see dat sight
W'ere is de nation don't be polite?

An' dere 's de boss of United State,
An' w'at dey call Philippine—
De Yankee t'ink he was somet'ing great,
An' beeg as de king or queen—
So dey geev' heem a house near touch de sky,
An' paint it so w'ite it was blin' de eye
An' long as he 's dere beginnin' to en',
Don't cos' heem not'ing for treat hees frien'.

So dere 's two feller, Edouard de King
An' Teddy Roos-vel' also,
No wonder dey 're proud, for dey got few t'ing
Was helpin' dem mak' de show—
But oh! ma Gosh! w'en you talk of pride
An' w'at dey call style, an' puttin' on side,
W'ere is de man can go before
De pig-sticker champion of Ste. Flore?

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Use to be nice man too, dey say,
  Jeremie Bonami,
Talk wit' hees frien' in a frien'ly way
  Sam' as you' se'f an' me—
Of course it 's purty beeg job he got,
An' no wan expec' heem talk a lot,
But still would n't hurt very moche, I 'm sure,
If wance in a w'ile he 'd say, "Bonjour."

Yi! Yi! to see heem come down de hill
  Some mornin' upon de fall,
W'en de pig is fat an' ready to kill,
  He don't know hees frien' at all—
Look at hees face an' it seem to say,
"Important duty I got to-day,
Killin' de pig on de contree side,—
Is n't dat some reason for leetle pride?"

Lissen de small boy how dey shout
  W'en Jeremie 's marchin' t'roo
De market place wit' hees cane feex out
  Wit' ribbon red, w'ite an' blue—
An' den he jomp on de butcher's block,
An' affer de crowd is stop deir talk,
An' leetle boy holler no more "Hooray,"
Dis is de word Jeremie he say—

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"I 'm de only man on de w'ole Ste. Flore
Can kill heem de pig jus' right,
Please t'ink of dat, an' furdermore
Don't matter it 's day or night,
Can do it less tam, five dollar I bet,
Dan any pig-sticker you can get
From de w'ole of de worl' to w'ere I leev'—
Will somebody help to roll up ma sleeve?

"Some feller challenge jus' here an' dere,
An' more on deir own contree,
But me—I challenge dem ev'ryw'ere
All over de worl'—sapree!
To geev' dem a chance, for dere might be some
Beeg feller, for all I know,
But if dey 're ready, wall! let dem come,
An' me—I 'm geevin' dem plaintee show."

Challenge lak dat twenty year or more
He 's makin' it ev'ry fall,
But never a pig-sticker come Ste. Flore
'Cos Jeremie scare dem all—
No wonder it 's makin' heem feel so proud,
Even Emperor Germanie
Can't put on de style or talk more loud
Dan Jeremie Bonami.

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But Jeremie's day can't las' alway,
An' so he commence to go
W'en he jomp on de block again an' say
To de crowd stan'nin' dere below,
"Lissen, ma frien', to de word I spik,
For I 'm tire of de challenge until I 'm sick,
Can't say, but mebbe I 'll talk no more
For glory an' honor of ole Ste. Flore.

"I got some trouble aroun' ma place
Wit' ma nice leetle girl Rosine,
An' I see w'en I 'm lookin' on all de face,
You 're knowin' jus' w'at I mean—
Very easy to talk, but w'en dey come
For seein' her twenty young man ba Gum!
I tole you ma frien', it was purty tough,
'Sides wan chance in twenty is not enough—

"Now lissen to me, all you young man
Is wantin' ma girl Rosine—
I offer a chance an' you 'll understan'
It 's bes' you was never seen—
T'ree minute start I 'll geev'—no more—
An' if any young feller upon Ste. Flore
Can beat me stickin' de pig nex' fall,
Let heem marry ma girl Rosine—dat 's all."

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All right—an' very nex' week he start,
De smartes' boy of de lot—
An' he 's lovin' Rosine wit' all hees heart,
De young Adelard Marcotte—
Don't say very moche about w'ere he go,
But I t'ink mese'f it was Buffalo—
An' plaintee more place on de State dat 's beeg
W'ere he don't do not'ing but stick de pig.

So of course he 's pickin' de fancy trick
An' ev'ryt'ing else dey got—
Work over tam—but he got homesick
De young Adelard Marcotte
Jus' about tam w'en de fall come along—
So den he wissle hees leetle song
An' buy tiquette for de ole Ste. Flore,
An' back on de village he come some more.

Ho! Ho! ma Jeremie Bonami,
Get ready you'se'f to-day,
For you got beeg job you was never see
Will tak' all your breat' away—
"Come on! come on!" dey be shoutin' loud,
De Bishop hese'f could n't draw de crowd
Of folk on de parish for mile aroun',
Till dey could n't fin' place upon de groun'.

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Hi! Hi! Jeremie, you may sweat an' swear,
  Your tam is arrive at las'—
Dere 's no use pullin' out all your hair
  Or drinkin' de w'isky glass—
Spit on your han' or hitch de pants—
You 'll never have anyt'ing lak a chance,
Hooraw! Hooraw! let her go wance more,
An' Adelard 's champion of all Ste. Flore!

"Away on de pump!" de crowd is yell,
  "No use for heem goin' die."
Dey nearly drown Jeremie on de well
  But he 's comin' roun' bimeby
Rosine dat 's laughin' away all day
Is startin' to cry, an' den she say—
"O fader dear, won't you geev' me kiss
For I never s'pose it would come to dis?

"Don't blame de boy over dere, 't was me
  Dat sen' away Adelard—
He 's sorry for beat you, I 'm sure, bâ oui,
  An' dat 's w'at I 'm cryin' for—
'Cos it 's all ma fault you was lick to-day,
Don't care w'at anywan else can say—
But remember too, an' you 'll not forget
De championship 's still on de familee yet."
                An' de ole man smile.

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Dieudonné

(GOD-GIVEN)

IF I sole ma ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash
Or win de beeges' prize on lotterie,
If some good frien' die an' lef' me fines' house on St. Eustache,
You t'ink I feel more happy dan I be?

No, sir! An' I can tole you, if you never know before,
W'y de kettle on de stove mak' such a fuss,
W'y de robin stop hees singin' an' come peekin' t'roo de door
For learn about de nice t'ing 's come to us—

An' w'en he see de baby lyin' dere upon de bed
Lak leetle Son of Mary on de ole tam long ago—
Wit' de sunshine an' de shadder makin' ring aroun' hees head,
No wonder M'sieu Robin wissle low.

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An' we can't help feelin' glad too, so we call
heem Dieudonné;
An' he never cry, dat baby, w'en he 's
chrissen by de pries'
All de sam' I bet you dollar he 'll waken up
some day,
An' be as bad as leetle boy Bateese.

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THE DEVIL

ALONG de road from Bord à Plouffe
To Kaz-a-baz-u-a
W'ere poplar trees lak sojers stan',
An' all de lan' is pleasan' lan',
In off de road dere leev's a man
Call Louis Desjardins.

An' Louis, w'en he firse begin
To work hees leetle place,
He work so hard de neighbors say,
"Unless he tak's de easy way
Dat feller 's sure to die some day,
We see it on hees face."

'T was lak a swamp, de farm he got,
De water ev'ryw'ere—
Might drain her off as tight as a drum,
An' back dat water is boun' to come

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In less 'n a day or two—ba Gum!
'T would mak' de angel swear.

So Louis t'ink of de bimeby,
If he leev' so long as dat,
W'en he 's ole an' blin' an' mebbe deaf,
All alone on de house hese'f,
No frien', no money, no not'ing lef',
An' poor—can't kip a cat.

So wan of de night on winter tam,
W'en Louis is on hees bed,
He say out loud lak a crazy man,
"I 'm sick of tryin' to clear dis lan',
Work any harder I can't stan',
Or it will kill me dead.

"Now if de devil would show hese'f
An' say to me, 'Tiens! Louis!
Hard tam an' work she 's at an' en',
You 'll leev' lak a Grand Seigneur ma frien',
If only you 'll be ready w'en
I want you to come wit' me.'

"I 'd say, 'Yass, yass— 'maudit! w'at 's dat?"
An' he see de devil dere—
Brimstone, ev'ryt'ing bad dat smell,
You know right away he 's come trom—well,
De place I never was care to tell—
An' wearin' hees long black hair,

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Lak election man, de kin' I mean
You see aroun' church door,
Spreadin' hese'f on great beeg speech
'Bout poor man 's goin' some day be reech,
But dat 's w'ere it alway come de heetch,
For poor man 's alway poor.

De only diff'rence—me—I see
'Tween devil an' long-hair man
It 's hard to say, but I know it 's true,
W'en devil promise a t'ing to do
Dere 's no mistak', he kip it too—
I hope you understan'.

So de devil spik, "You 're not content,
An' want to be reech, Louis—
All right, you 'll have plaintee, never fear,
No wan can beat you far an' near,
An' I 'll leave you alone for t'orty year,
An' den you will come wit' me.

"Be careful now—it 's beeg contrac',
So mebbe it 's bes' go slow;
For me—de promise I mak' to you
Is good as de bank Rivière du Loup
For you—w'enever de tam is due,
Ba tonder! you got to go."

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Louis try hard to tak' hees tam
But w'en he see de fall
Comin' along in a week or so,
All aroun' heem de rain an' snow
An' pork on de bar'l runnin' low,
He don't feel good at all.

An' w'en he t'ink of de swampy farm
An' gettin' up winter night,
Watchin' de stove if de win' get higher
For fear de chimley go on fire,
It 's makin' poor Louis feel so tire
He tell de devil, "All right."

"Correc'," dat feller say right away,
"I 'll only say, Au revoir,"
An' out of de winder he 's goin' pouf!
Beeg nose, long hair, short tail, an' hoof,
Off on de road to Bord à Plouffe
Crossin' de reever dere.

W'en Louis get up nex' day, ma frien',
Dere 's lot of devil sign—
Bar'l o' pork an' keg o' rye,
Bag o' potato ten foot high,
Pile o' wood nearly touch de sky,
Was some o' de t'ing he fin'.

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Suit o' clothes would have cos' a lot
An' ev'ryt'ing I dunno,
Trotter horse w'en he want to ride
Eatin' away on de barn outside,
Stan' all day if he 's never tied,
An' watch an' chain also.

An' swamp dat 's bodder heem many tam,
W'ere is dat swamp to-day?
Don't care if you 're huntin' up an' down
You won't fin' not'ing but medder groun',
An' affer de summer come aroun'
W'ere can you see such hay?

Wall! de year go by, an' Louis leev'
Widout no work to do,
Rise w'en he lak on winter day,
Fin' all de snow is clear away,
No fuss, no not'ing, dere 's de sleigh
An' trotter waitin' too.

W'en t'orty year is nearly t'roo
An' devil 's not come back
'Course Louis say, 'Wall! he forget
Or t'ink de tam 's not finish yet;
I 'll tak' ma chance an' never fret,"
But dat 's w'ere he mak' mistak'.

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For on a dark an' stormy night
W'en Louis is sittin' dere,
Affer he fassen up de door
De devil come as he come before,
Lookin' de sam' only leetle more,
For takin' heem—you know w'ere.

"Asseyez vous, sit down, ma frien',
Bad night be on de road;
You come long way an' should be tire—
Jus' wait an' mebbe I feex de fire—
Tak' off your clothes for mak' dem drier,
Dey mus' be heavy load."

Dat 's how poor Louis Desjardins
Talk to de devil, sir—
Den say, "Try leetle w'isky blanc,
Dey 're makin' it back on St. Laurent—
It 's good for night dat 's cole an' raw,"
But devil never stir,

Until he smell de smell dat come
W'en Louis mak' it hot
Wit' sugar, spice, an' ev'ryt'ing,
Enough to mak' a man's head sing—
For winter, summer, fall an' spring—
It 's very bes' t'ing we got.

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An' so de devil can't refuse
To try de w'isky blanc,
An' say, "I 'm tryin' many drink,
An' dis is de fines' I don't t'ink,
De firse, ba tonder! mak' me wink—
Hooraw, pour Canadaw!"

"Merci—non, non—I tak' no more,"
De devil say at las',
"For tam is up wit' you, Louis,
So come along, ma frien', wit' me,
So many star I 'm sure I see,
De storm she mus' be pas'."

"No hurry—wait a minute, please,"
Say Louis Desjardins,
"We 'll have a smoke before we 're t'roo,
'T will never hurt mese'f or you
To try a pipe, or mebbe two,
Of tabac Canayen." [1]

"Wan pipe is all I want for me—
We 'll finish our smoke downstair, "
De devil say, an' it was enough,
For w'en he tak' de very firse puff
He holler out, "Maudit! w'at stuff!
Fresh air! fresh air!! fresh air!!!"

[1] Canadian tobacco.

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An' oh! he was never sick before
Till he smoke tabac Bruneau—
Can't walk or fly, but he want fresh air,
So Louis put heem on rockin' chair
An' t'row heem off on de road out dere—
An' tole heem go below.

An' he shut de door an' fill de place
Wit' tabac Canayen,
An' never come out, an' dat 's a fac'—
But smoke away till hees face is black—
So dat 's w'y de devil don't come back
For Louis Desjardins.

An' dere he 's yet, an' dere he 'll stay—
So weech of de two 'll win
Can't say for dat—it 's kin' of a doubt,
For Louis, de pipe never leave hees mout',
An' night or day can't ketch heem out,
An' devil 's too scare go in.

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The Family Laramie

HSSH! look at ba-bee on de leetle blue
chair,
W'at you t'ink he 's tryin' to do?
Wit' pole on de han' lak de lumberman,
A-shovin' along canoe.
Dere 's purty strong current behin' de stove,
W'ere it 's passin' de chimley-stone,
But he 'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset,
So long he was lef' alone.

Dat 's way ev'ry boy on de house begin
No sooner he 's twelve mont' ole;
He 'll play canoe up an' down de Soo
An' paddle an' push de pole,
Den haul de log all about de place,
Till dey 're fillin' up mos' de room,
An' say it 's all right, for de storm las' night
Was carry away de boom.

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Mebbe you see heem, de young loon bird,
Wit' half of de shell hangin' on,
Tak' hees firse slide to de water side,
An' off on de lake he 's gone.
Out of de cradle dey 're goin' sam' way
On reever an' lake an' sea;
For born to de trade, dat 's how dey 're made,
De familee Laramie.

An' de reever she 's lyin' so handy dere
On foot of de hill below,
Dancin' along an' singin' de song
As away to de sea she go,
No wonder I never can lak dat song,
For soon it is comin', w'en
Dey 'll lissen de call, leetle Pierre an' Paul,
An' w'ere will de moder be den?

She 'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin's come,
An' spik to de reever too:
"O reever, you know how dey love you so,
Since ever dey 're seein' you,
For sake of dat love bring de leetle boy home
Once more to de moder's knee."
An' mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere
Will help bring dem back to me.

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Yankee Families

YOU s'pose God love de Yankee
An' de Yankee woman too,
Lak he love de folk at home on Canadaw?
I dunno—'cos if he do,
W'at 's de reason he don't geev' dem familee
Is dere anybody hangin' roun' can answer me
W'ile I wait an' smoke dis pipe of good tabac?

An' now I 'll tole you somet'ing
Mebbe help you bimeby,
An' dere 's no mistak' it 's w'at dey call sure sign—
W'en you miss de baby's cry
As you 're goin' mak' some visit on de State
Dat 's enough—you need n't ax if de train 's on tam or late,
You can bet you 're on de Yankee side de line.

Unless dere 's oder folk dere,
Mebbe wan or two or t'ree,

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Canayen is comin' workin' on de State—
Den you see petite Marie
Leetle Joe an' Angelique, Hormisdas an' Dieudonné,
But you can't tole half de nam'—it don't matter any way—
'Sides de fader he don't t'ink it 's not'ing great.

De moder, you can see her
An' she got de basket dere
Wit' de fine t'ing for de chil'ren nice an' slick—
For dey can't get fat on air—
Cucumber, milk, an' onion, some leetle cake also
De ole gran'moder 's makin' on de farm few days ago—
W'at 's use buy dollar dinner mak' dem sick?

But look de Yankee woman
Wit' de book upon her han',
Readin', readin', an' her husban', he can't get
Any chance at all, poor man,
For sit down, de way de seat 's all pile up wit' magazine—
De t'ing lak dat on Canadaw is never, never seen.
Would n't she be better wit' some chil'ren? Wall! you bet!

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No wonder dey was bringin'
For helpin' dem along
So many kin' of feller I dunno—
Chinee washee from Kong Kong
An' w'at dey call Da-go, was work for dollar a day,
But w'en dey mak' some money, off dey 're goin', right away—
Dat 's de reason dey was get de nam' Da-go.

Of course so long dey 're comin'
From ev'ry place dey can,
Not knowin' moche, dere 's not'ing fuss about
Only boss de stranger man—
But now dem gang of feller dat 's come across de sea—
He 's gettin' leetle smarter, an' he got de familee—
So Uncle Sam mus' purty soon look out.

I wonder he don't know it—
It 's funny he don't see
Dere 's somet'ing else dan money day an' night—
Non—he 'll work hese'f cra-zee,
Den travel roun' de worl', an' use de money too—
De King hese'f can't spen' lak de Yankee man is do—
But w'ere 's de leetle chil'ren? dat 's not right!

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W'at 's use of all de money
If dere ain't some boy an' girl
Mak' it pleasan' for de Yankee an' hees wife
W'en dey travel on de worl'?
For me an' Eugenie dere 's not'ing we lak bes'
Dan gader up de chil'ren an' get dem nicely dress—
W'y it 's more dan half de pleasure of our life.

I love de Yankee woman
An' de Yankee man also,
An' mebbe dey 'll be wiser bimeby—
But I lak dem all to know
If dey want to kip deir own, let dem raise de familee—
An' den dey 'll boss de contree from de mountain to de sea,
For dey 're smart enough to do it if dey try.

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"De moon and de star above is gone,
Yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on."

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"De boss on de camp w'ere I alway stay
Since ever de tam I was go away,
He welcome de poores' man dat call,
But love de leetle wan bes' of all,
So dat 's de reason I spik for you
An' come to-night for to bring you t'roo."

Lak de young Jesu w'en he 's here below
De face of ma leetle son look jus' so—
Den off beyon', on de bush I see
De w'ite dress fadin' among de tree—
Was it a dream I dream las' night
Is goin' away on de morning light?

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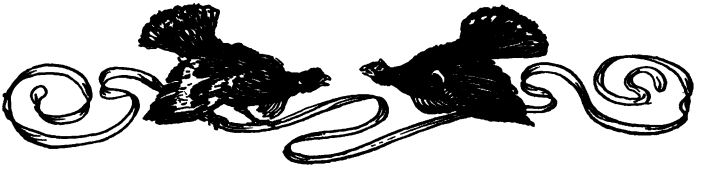

Getting On

I KNOW I 'm not too young, an' ma back is not as straight
As it use to be some feefty year ago—
Don't care to go aroun' if de rain is fallin' down
'Less de rheumateez is ketch me on de toe—
But dat is ma beez-nesse, an' no matter how I feel—
Oder folk dey might look out deir own affair
'Stead o' w'isperin', "Wall! ba Gosh! lissen poor Maxime Meloche,
How dat leetle drop o' rain is mak' heem swear!
De ole man 's gettin' on!"

Smart folk lak dat, of course, mebbe never hear de news
Of de tam he 's comin' sick Guillaume Laroche,

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Who 's tak' heem home to die w'en de rapide's runnin' high,
An' carry heem on hees shoulder t'roo de bush?
Oh! no, it was n't me, only wan of dem young man
Hardly got de baby moustache on de mout',
Dat 's de reason w'y I say to mese'f mos' ev'ry day,
"Purty hard dere 's not'ing else dan talk about
'De ole man 's gettin' on.'"

W'at 's mak' me feelin' mad is becos dey don't spik out,
Non! dey 'll sneak aroun' for watch me as I go,
An' if I mebbe spill leetle water on de hill,
W'en I 'm comin' from de well down dere below,
No use for tellin' me — I know too moche mese'f,
Dat 's de tam I 'm very sure dey alway say,
"See heem now, how slow he go — don't I offen tole you so?
We 're sorry, but Maxime is have hees day,
De ole man's gettin' on."

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It 's foolish t'ing to do, for dere 's alway hang aroun'
Some crazy feller almos' ev'ry day—
So I might a' stay at home 'stead o' tryin' feex de boom,
Dough I 'm sure de win' is blow de oder way;
For I never hear dem shout w'en dey let de water out,
An' de log dey come a-bangin' down de chute,
But leetle Joe Leblanc ketch me on de pant, hooraw!
Den spile de job by w'isperin', "I 'm afraid I spik de trut',
De ole man 's gettin' on."

Only yesterday de pig get loose an' run away,
An' de nex' t'ing he was goin' on de corn—
So I run an' fetch de stick, an' affer heem so quick
Jus' to mak' heem feelin' sorry he was born;
An' dat pig he laugh at me, an' he fill hees belly full
'Fore he 's makin' up his min' for come along—

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I 'm sure I see heem wink—should n't wonder
if he t'ink,
"Very easy see dere 's somet'ing goin'
wrong—
De ole man 's gettin' on."

If only I can get some doctor feex me up,
Mak' me feel a leetle looser on de knee—
On de shoulder, ev'ryw'ere—ba tonder! I
don't care,
I 'le spen' a couple o' dollar, mebbe t'ree—
Jus' to larn dem feller dere how to skip an'
how to jomp,
On de way I beat deir fader long ago—
Yass siree! an' purty soon dey 'll sing anoder
tune,
An' wonder w'at de devil 's dere to show
De ole man's gettin' on.

Oh! dat maudit rheumateez! now she 's ketchin'
me again
On de back becos I 'm leetle bit excite,
An' put ma finger down, widout stoopin' on
de groun'—
But I 'll do dat trick to-morrow, not to-
night—
All de sam' I offen t'ink ev'ry dog is got hees
day,

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Dat 's de lesson I was learnin' on de school;
So I can't help feelin' blue w'en I wonder if
it 's true
W'at dey 're sayin'—dough o' course dey 're
only fool—
De ole man 's gettin' on!

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Pioneers

IF dey 're walkin' on de roadside, an' dey 're
bote in love togeder,
An' de star of spring is shinin' wit' de young
moon in between,
It was purty easy guessin' dey 're not talkin'
of de wedder,
W'en de boy is comin' twenty, an' de girl is
jus' eighteen.

It 's a sign de winter 's over, an' it 's pleasan'
hear de talkin'
Of de bull-frog on de swamp dere wit' all
hees familee—
But it 's lonesome doin' not'ing, an' dere 's
not moche fun in walkin',
So we fin' some fence dat 's handy for mese'f
an' Rosalie.

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An' I dunno how it happen, w'en her head
come on ma shoulder,
An' her black eye on de moonlight, lak de
star shine—dat 's de way.
(Mebbe it 's becos de springtam) so I ketch her
han' an' tole her
Of how moche I 'd lak to tak' her on some
contree far away.

Den she say, I 'll mak' an offer, if you 're sure
you want to tak' me
On de place I dunno w'ere—me—you mus'
pay beeg price, Jo-seph.
You can carry me off to-morrow, so I 'm never
comin' back—me—
But you 'll lose upon de bargain, for de price
I want 's you'se'f."

I was purty good for tradin', mebbe tak' it
from ma fader,
For de ole man 's alway tryin' show me
somet'ing dat was new—
But de trade I mak' dat evenin' wit' poor
Rosalie, I rader
Not say not'ing moche about it, dough it 's
bes' I never do.

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"So we fin' some fence dat 's handy for mese'f an' Rosalie."

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So we settle on de reever wit' de bush for miles
behin' us—
Here we buil' de firse log shaintee, only me
an' Rosalie—
Dat 's de woman help her husban'! an' w'en
winter come an' fin' us
We was ready waitin' for heem jus' as happy
as could be.

Bar'l o' pork an' good potato, wan or two oder
t'ing too
Leetle w'isky, plaintee flour, an' wood-pile
stannin' near—
Don't min' de hardes' winter, an' fat enough
in spring too—
De folk dat 's comin' handy w'en you want
de contree clear!

Rosalie, you see her outside on de porch dere
wit' her knittin'—
Yass, of course I know she 's changin' since
de day she marry me—
An' she 'll never sit no more dere on de fence
lak leetle kitten—
She 'd be safer on a stone wall, but she 's
still ma Rosalie.

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All alone: de neares' shaintee, over ten mile
down de reever—
An' might be only yesterday, I 'member it
so well—
W'en I 'm comin' home wan morning affer
trappin' on de beaver,
An' ma wife is sayin', "Hurry, go an' fetch
Ma-dame Labelle."

If you 're stan'in' on de bank dere, you mus'
t'ink I 'm crazy feller
By de way I work de paddle, an' de way
canoe she go—
But Ma-dame know all about it, an' I never
need to tell her,
An' we jus' get back in tam' dere for wel-
come leetle Joe.

Dat 's de way dem woman 's doin' for help
along each oder,
For Pierre Labelle he 's comin' now an' den
for Rosalie—
Of course dere 's many tam too, dey got to
be godmoder—
An' w'en dey want godfader, w'y dere 's
only Pierre an' me.

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Twenty year so hard we 're workin', twenty
year reapin', sowin',
Choppin' tree an' makin' portage, an' de
chil'ren help us too—
But it 's never feelin' lonesome w'ile de fami-
lee is growin',
An' de cradle seldom empty, an' we got so
moche to do.

Den w'en all de work is finish, w'at dey 're
callin' de surveyor
He 's comin' here an' fin' us, an' of course
so well he might—
For it 's easy job to foller, w'en de road is
lyin' dere,
So blin' man he can walk it wit' hees eyes
closed, darkes' night.

An' de nex' t'ing dere 's a township, an' de
township bring de taxes,
An' it 's leetle hard on us too, dat 's way it
seem to me—
An' de Gover'ment, I s'pose dey 'll never t'ink
at all to ax us
For de small account dey 're owin' mese'f
an' Rosalie.

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So we 'll see de beeg procession very soon
come up de reever—
Some will settle on de roadside, some will
stay upon de shore—
But de ole place we be clearin', I don't t'ink
we 'll never leave her,
Dough we 're all surroun' by stranger an'
we 're in de worl' wance more.

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Natural Philosophy

VERY offen I be t'inkin' of de queer folk goin' roun',
And way dey kip a-talkin' of de hard tam get along—
May have plaintee money too, an' de healt' be good an' soun'—
But you 'll fin' dere 's alway somet'ing goin' wrong—
'Course dere may be many reason w'y some feller ought to fret—
But me, I 'm alway singin' de only song I know—
'T is n't long enough for music, an' so short you can't forget,
But it drive away de lonesome, an' dis is how she go,
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

Funny feller 's w'at dey call me—"so diff'ren' from de res',"
But ev'rybody got hees fault, as far as I can see—

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An' all de t'ing I 'm doin', I do it for de bes',
Dough w'en I 'm bettin' on a race, dat 's offen loss for me—
"Oho!" I say, "Alphonse ma frien', to-day is not your day,
For more you got your money up, de less your trotter go—
But never min' an' don't lie down," dat 's w'at I alway say,
An' sing de sam' ole song some more, mebbe a leetle slow—
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

S'pose ma uncle die an' lef' me honder dollar, mebbe two—
An' I don't tak' hees advice—me—for put heem on de bank—
'Stead o' dat, some lot'rie ticket, to see w'at I can do,
An' purty soon I 'm findin' out dey 're w'at you call de blank—
Wall! de bank she might bus' up dere—somet'ing might go wrong—
Dem feller, w'en dey get it, mebbe skip before de night—
Can't tell—den w'ere 's your money? So I sing ma leetle song

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An' don't boder wit' de w'isky, an' again I feel all right,
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

If you 're goin' to mak' de marry, kip a look out on de eye,
But no matter how you 're careful, it was risky anyhow—
An' if you 're too unlucky, jus' remember how you try
For gettin' dat poor woman, dough she may have got you now—
All de sam', it sometam happen dat your wife will pass away—
No use cryin', you can't help it—dere 's your duty to you'se'f—
You don't need to ax de neighbor, dey will tell you ev'ry day
Start again lak hones' feller, for dere 's plain-tee woman lef'—
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

Poor man lak me, I 'm not'ing: only w'en election 's dere,
An' ev'rybody 's waitin' to ketch you by de t'roat—
De money I be makin' den, wall! dat was mon affaire—

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An' affer all w'at diff'rence how de poor man
mak' de vote?
So I do ma very bes'—me—wit' de wife an'
familee—
On de church door Sunday morning, you
can see us all parade—
Len' a frien' a half a dollar, an' never go on
spree—
So w'en I 'm comin' die—me—no use to be
afraid—
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck"

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Champlain

"W'ERE 'LL we go?" says Pierre de Monts,[1]
To hese'f as he walk de forwar' deck,
"For I got ma share of Trois Rivieres
An' I never can lak Kebeck—
Too moche Nort' Pole—maudit! it 's cole
Oh! la! la! de win' blow too.
An' I 'm sure w'at I say, M'sieu Pontgravé
He know very well it 's true.

But here 's de boat, an' we 're all afloat
A honder an' fifty ton—
An' look at de lot of man we got,
No better beneat' de sun—
Provision, too, for all de crew
An' pries' for to say de prayer,

[1] De-mo.

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So mes chers amis, dey can easy see
De vessel mus' pass somew'ere.

If I only know de way to go
For findin' some new an' pleasan' lan',"
But jus' as he spik, he turn roun' quick,
An' dere on de front, sir, stan' de Man.
"You was callin' me, I believe," says he,
As brave as a lion—"Tiens!
W'en we reach de sea, an' de ship is free,
You can talk wit' Samuel de Champlain."[1]

Wan look on hees eye an' he know for w'y
Young Samuel spik no more,
So he shake hees han', an' say, "Young man,
Too bad you don't come before;
But now you are here, we 'll geev' t'ree cheer,
An' away w'erever you want to go—
For I lak your look an' swear on de Book
You 'll fin' de good frien' on Pierre de Monts."

So de sail 's set tight, an' de win' is right,
For it 's blowin' dem to de wes'—
An' dey say deir prayer, for God knows w'ere
De anchor will come to res'—

[1] Shaum-pla.

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Adieu to de shore dey may see no more—
  Good-bye to de song an' dance—
De girl dey love, an' de star above
  Kipin' watch on de lan' of France.

Den it 's "Come below, M'sieu Pierre de Monts,"
  Champlain he say to de capitaine—
" An' I 'll tell to you, w'at I t'ink is true
  Dough purty hard, too, for understan'—
I dream a dream an' it alway seem
  Dat God hese'f he was say to me—
'Rise up, young man, de quick you can
  An' sail your ship on de western sea.

" 'De way may be long, an' de win' be strong,
  An' wave sweep over de leetle boat—
But never you min', an' you 're sure to fin',
  If you trus' in me, you will kip afloat.'
An' I tak' dat ship, an' I mak' de trip
  All on de dream I was tellin' you—
An' oh! if you see w'at appear to me,
  I wonder w'at you was a-t'inkin' too?

"I come on de lan' w'ere dere 's no w'ite man—
  I come on de shore w'ere de grass is green—
An' de air is clear as de new-born year,
  An' of all I was see, dis lan's de Queen—

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So I 'm satisfy if we only try
An' fin' if dere 's anyt'ing on ma dream,
An' I 'll show de way," Champlain is say—
Den Pierre de Monts he is answer heem,

"All right, young man, do de bes' you can—
So long you don't bring me near Kebeck—
Or Trois Rivieres, not moche I care,
An' I hope your dream 's comin' out correc'."
So de brave Champlain he was say, "Très bien,"
An' soon he was boss of de ship an' crew
An' pile on de sail, wedder calm or gale—
Oh! dat is de feller know w'at to do.

Don't I see heem dere wit' hees long black hair
On de win' blowin' out behin'—
Watchin' de ship as she rise an' dip,
An' always follerin' out de Sign?
An' day affer day I can hear heem say
To de sailor man lonesome for home an' frien',
"Cheer up, mes amis, for soon you will see
De lan' risin' up on de oder en'."

Wall! de tam go by, an' still dey cry
"Oh! bring us back for de familee's sake."
Even Pierre de Monts fin' it leetle slow
An' t'ink mebbe somebody mak' mistake—

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But he don't geev' in for he 's boun' to win'—
De young Champlain—an' hees heart grow strong
W'en de voice he hear say, "Never fear;
You won't have to suffer for very long."

Alone on de bow I can see heem now
Wan mornin' in May w'en de sun was rise—
Smellin' de air lak a bloodhoun', dere—
An' de light of de Heaven shine on hees eyes.
A minute or more he is wait before
He tak' off de hat an' raise hees han'—
Den down on de knee, sayin', "Dieu merci!"
He cross hese'f dere, an' I understan'—

"Ho! Ho! De Monts! are you down below,
Sleepin' so soun' on de bed somew'ere?
If you 're feelin' well, come up an' tell
W'at kin' of a cloud you be seein' dere."
Den every wan shout w'en de voice ring out
Of de young Champlain on dat summer day,
"Lan'! it is lan'!" cry de sailor man—
You can hear dem holler ten mile away.

Port Rossignol is de place dey call
(I 'm sorry dat nam' it was disappear);
An' mos' ev'ry tree dem Frenchman see
Got nice leetle bird singin', "Welcome here."

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An' happy dey were, dem voyageurs
An' de laugh come out on de sailors' face—
No wonder, too, w'en de shore dey view,
For w'ere can you see it de better place?

. . . . . .

If you want to fin' w'at is lef' behin'
Of de story I try very hard tell you,
Don't bodder me now or raise de row,
But study de book de sam' I do.

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Pro Patria

WAS leevin' across on de State Vermont,
W'ere mountain so high you see—
Got plaintee to do, so all I want
Is jus' to be quiet—me—
No bodder, no fuss, only work aroun'
On job I don't lak refuse—
But affer de familee settle down
It 's come w'at dey call war-news.

De Spanish da-go he was gettin' mad,
An' he 's dangerous l'Espagnol!
An' ev'ry wan say it was lookin' bad,
Not safe on de State at all—
So Yankee he 's tryin' for sell hees farm,
An' town 's very moche excite,
Feexin' de gun an' de fire-alarm,
An' ban' playin' ev'ry night.

An' soon dere 's comin', all dress to kill,
Beeg feller from far away,
Shoutin' lak devil on top de hill,
An' dis is de t'ing he say—

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"Strike for your home an' your own contree!
Strike for your native lan'!
Kip workin' away wit' de spade an' hoe,
Den jump w'en you hear de bugle blow,
For danger 's aroun', above, below,
But de bugle will tell if it 's tam to go."

An' he tak' de flag wit' de star an' stripe,
An' holler out—"Look at me!
If any wan touch dat flag, bâ cripe!
He 's dead about wan—two—t'ree."
Den he pull it aroun' heem few more tam,
An' sit on de rockin' chair,
Till somebody cheer for hees Uncle Sam,
Dough I don't see de ole man dere.

I got a long story for tell dat night
On poor leetle Rose Elmire,
An' she say she 's sorry about de fight
We 're doin' so well down here—
But it 's not our fault an' we can't help dat,
De law she is made for all,
So our duty is wait for de rat-tat-tat
Of drum an' de bugle call.

An' it 's busy week for Elmire an' me,
I 'm sure you 'd pity us too—
Workin' so hard lak you never see,
For dere 's plaintee o' job to do—

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Den half o' de night packin' up de stuff
We got on de small cabane—
An' buyin' a horse, dough he cos' enough,
For Yankee 's a hard trade man.

An' how can I sleep if ma wife yell out—
"Gédéon, dere she goes!"
An' bang an' tear all de house about,
W'en Johnnie is blow hees nose?
Poor leetle chil'ren dey suffer too,
Lyin' upon de floor,
Wit' de bed made up, for dey never go
On de worl' lak dat before.

We got to be ready, of course, an' wait—
De chil'ren, de wife, an' me,
For show de Yankee upon de State,
Ba Golly! how smart we be.
You know de game dey call checker-boar'?
Wall! me an' ma wife Elmire,
We 're playin' dat game on de outside door
Wit' leetle wan gader near;

Jus' as de sun on de sky go down
An' mountain dey seem so fine,
Ev'ryt'ing quiet, don't hear a soun',
So I 'm lookin' across de line.

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An' I t'ink of de tam I be leevin' dere
On county of Yamachiche,
De swamp on de bush w'ere I ketch de hare
De reever I use to feesh.

An' ma wife Elmire w'en she see de tear,
She cry leetle bit herse'f—
Put her han' on ma neck, an' say, "Ma dear,
I 'm sorry we never lef';
But money 's good t'ing, an' dere 's nice folk too,
Leevin' upon Vermont—
Got plaintee o' work for me an' you—
Is dere anyt'ing more we want?

Dere 's w'at dey 're callin' de war beez-nesse—
It 's troublesome t'ing, of course,
But no gettin' off—mus' strike wit' de res',
No matter—it might be worse—
We 're savin' along—never lose a day,
An' ready w'en bugle blow—"
But dat was de very las' word she say,
For dere it commence to go,

Blowin' away on de mountain dere,
W'ere snow very seldom melts,
Down by de reever an' ev'ryw'ere,
We could n't hear not'ing else—

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Nobody stop to fin' out de place;
Too busy for dat to-day—
But we never forget de law in de case
W'en feller he spik dis way—

"Strike for your home an' your own contree!
Strike for your native lan'!
Kip workin' away wit' de spade an' hoe,
Den jump w'en you hear de bugle blow,
For danger 's aroun', above, below,
But de bugle will tell if it 's tam to go."

An' de chil'ren yell, an' de checker-boar'
Don't do her no good at all—
An' nobody never jump before
Lak de crowd w'en dey hear de call,
Dat was de familee,—bet your life
I 'm prouder, ba Gosh! to-day
Mese'f, de leetle wan, an' de wife,
Dan anyt'ing I can say—

'Cos nobody strike on de way we do—
For home an' deir own contree—
Wit' fedder bed, stove, de cradle too,
An' ev'ryt'ing else we see—
Pilin' de wagon up ten foot high
Goin' along de road—
An' de Yankee say as we 're passin' by
Dey never see such a load—

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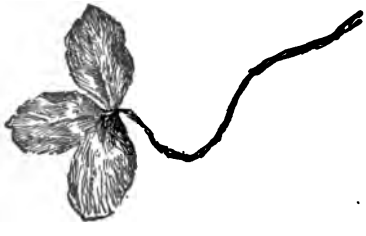
So dat 's how we 're comin' to Yamachiche—
An' dat 's w'y we 're stayin' here—
Jus' to be quiet an' hunt an' feesh,
Not'ing at all to fear—
An' if ever you lissen de Yankee folk
Brag an' kick up de fuss—
An' say we 're lak cattle upon de yoke,
An' away dey can trot from us—

Jus' tell dem de news of Gédéon Plouffe—
How he jump wit' de familee
An' strike w'en de bugle is raise de roof
For home an' hees own contree.



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"Jus' tell dem de news of Gédéon Plouffe—
How he jump wit' de familee."

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Getting Stout

EIGHTEEN, an' face lak de—w'at 's de good?
Dere 's no use tryin' explain
De way she 's lookin', dat girl Marie—
But affer it pass, de rain,
An' sun come out of de cloud behin',
An' laugh on de sky wance more—
Wall! dat is de way her eye it shine
W'en she see me upon de door.

An' dere she 's workin' de ole-tam sash,
De fines' wan, too, for sure.
"Who is it for, ma belle Marie—
You 're makin' de nice ceinture?
Come out an' sit on de shore below,
For watchin' dem draw de net,
Ketchin' de feesh," an' she answer, "No,
De job is n't finish yet;

"Stan' up, Narcisse, an' we 'll see de fit.
Dat sash it was mak' for you,

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For de ole wan 's gettin' on, you know,
An' o' course it 'll never do
If de boy I marry can't go an' spen'
W'at dey 're callin' de weddin' tour
Wit' me, for visitin' all hees frien',
An' not have a nice ceinture."

An' den she measure dat sash on me,
An' I fin' it so long an' wide
I pass it aroun' her, an' dere we stan',
De two of us bote inside—
"Could n't be better, ma chère Marie,
Dat sash it is fit so well—
It jus' suit you, an' it jus' suit me,
An' bote togeder, ma belle."

So I wear it off on de weddin' tour
An' long affer dat also,
An' never a minute I 'm carin' how
De win' of de winter blow—
Don't matter de cole an' frosty night—
Don't matter de stormy day,
So long as I 'm feex up close an' tight
Wit' de ole ceinture fleché.

An' w'ere 's de woman can beat her now,
Ma own leetle girl Marie?
For we 're marry to-day jus' feefty year
An' never a change I see—

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But wan t'ing strange, dough I try ma bes'
For measure dat girl wance more,
She say—"Go off wit' de foolishness,
Or pass on de outside door.

"You know well enough dat sash get tight
Out on de snow an' wet
Drivin' along on ev'ry place,
Den how can it fit me yet?
Shows w'at a fool you be, Narcisse,
W'enever you go to town;
Better look out, or I call de pries'
For makin' you stan' aroun'."

But me, I 'm sure it was never change,
Dat sash on de feefty year—
An' I can't understan' to-day at all,
W'at 's makin' it seem so queer—
De sash is de sam', an' woman too,
Can't fool me, I know too well—
But woman, of course dey offen do
Some funny t'ing—you can't tell!

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Doctor Hilaire

A STRANGER might say if he see heem
drink till he almos' fall,
"Doctor lak dat for sick folk, he 's never no
use at all,"
But wait till you hear de story dey 're tellin'
about heem yet,
An' see if you don't hear somet'ing, mebbe
you won't forget.

Twenty odd year she 's marry, Belzemire La-
freniere,
An' oh! but she 's feelin' lonesome 'cos never
a sign is dere—
Purty long tam for waitin', but poor leetle
Belzemire
She 's bad enough now for pay up all of dem
twenty year.

Call heem de oldes' doctor, call heem de
younges' wan,
Bring dem along, no matter if ev'ry dollar 's
gone—

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T'ree of dem can't do not'ing, workin' for two
days dere,
She was a very sick woman, Belzemire La-
freniere.

Pierre he was cryin', cryin' out on de barn
behin',
Neighbors tryin' to kip heem goin' right off
hees min',
W'en somebody say, "Las' winter, ma wife she
is nearly go,
An' who do you t'ink is save her? ev'ry wan
surely know.

"Drink? does he drink de w'isky? don't care
I 'm hees only frien',
Dere 's only wan answer comin', Wall! leetle
bit now an' den
Doctor Hilaire he tak' it, but if it was me or
you
Leevin' on Beausejour dere, w'at are you goin'
to do?

"An' so you may t'ank de w'isky, 'cos
w'ere 'll he be to-day
If he never is drinkin' not'ing? Many a mile
away

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Off on de great beeg city, makin' de money quick,
W'ere ev'ry wan want de doctor w'enever he 's leetle sick.

"Remember de way to get heem is tell heem it's bad, bad case,
Or Doctor Hilaire you 'll never see heem upon dis place!
Tell heem dere 's two life waitin', an' sure to be comin' die
Unless he is hurry quicker dan ever de bird can fly.

"T'orty mile crick is runnin' over de road, I 'm sure,
But if you can fin' de crossin' you 'll ketch heem at Beausejour.
Sober or drunk, no matter, bring heem along you mus',
For Doctor Hilaire 's de only man of de lot for us."

Out wit' de quickes' horse den, Ste. Genevieve has got,
An' if ever you show your paces, now is de tam to trot—

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Johnnie Dufresne is drivin', w'at! never hear
tell of heem,
Off on de Yankee circus, an' han'le a ten-horse
team?

Dat was de lonesome journey over de moun-
tain high,
Down w'ere de w'ite fog risin' show w'ere de
swamp is lie,
An' drive as he can de faster, an' furder away
he get,
Johnnie can hear dat woman closer an' closer
yet.

Offen he tell about it, not'ing he never do
Geev' heem de funny feelin' Johnnie is goin'
t'roo,
But he is sure of wan t'ing, if Belzemire 's
comin' die,
Poor woman, she 'd never foller affer heem wit'
her cry.

Dat is de t'ing is cheer heem, knowin' she
is n't gone,
So he answer de voice a-callin', tellin' her to
hol' on,
Till he bring her de help she 's needin' if only
she wait a w'ile
Dat is de way he 's doin' all of dem t'orty
mile—

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Lucky he was to-night, too, for place on de
crick he got,
Search on de light of day-tam, he could n't
fin' better spot,
But jus' as it happen', mebbe acre or two
below,
Is place w'ere de ole mail-driver 's drownin'
a year ago.

W'ere is de road? he got it, an' very soon
Beausejour
Off on de hillside lyin', dere she is, small an'
poor,
Lookin' so lak starvation might a' been t'roo
de war,
An' dere, on de bar-room sleepin', de man he is
lookin' for.

Drunk? he is worse dan ever—poor leetle man!
too bad!
Lissen to not'ing neider, but Johnnie is feel so
glad
Ketchin' heem dere so easy, 'fore he can
answer, "No"—
He 's tyin' heem on de buggy, an' off on de
road he go—

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Half o' de journey 's over, half o' de night is pass,
W'en Doctor Hilaire stop swearin', an' start to get quiet at las'—
Don't do any good ax Johnnie lettin' heem loose again,
For if any man tak' de chances, would n't be Johnnie Dufresne.

Hooraw for de black horse trotter! hooraw for de feller drive!
An' wan leetle cheer for Belzemire dat 's kipin' herse'f alive
Till Johnnie is bring de doctor, an' carry heem on de door
An' loosen heem out as sober as never he was before.

Quiet inside de house now, quiet de outside too,
Look at each oder smokin', dat 's about all we do;
An' jus' as we feel, ba tonder! no use, we mus' talk or die,
Dere on de house we 're hearin' poor leetle baby's cry.

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Dat 's all, but enough for makin' tear comin' down de face,
An' Pierre, if you only see heem jumpin' aroun' de place
You 'd t'ink of a colt in spring-tam—den off on de barn we go
W'ere somebody got de bottle for drinkin' de healt', you know.

Takin' it too moche w'isky, is purty hard job to cure,
But only for poor ole w'isky, village of Beausejour
Can never have such a doctor, an' dat 's w'y it aint no tam
Talk very moche agin it, but fill her up jus' de sam'.

An' drink to de baby's moder, here 's to de baby too,
An' Doctor Hilaire, anoder, beeger dan all, for you.
For sober or drunk, no matter, so long as he understan'
It 's very bad case is waitin', Doctor Hilaire 's de man.

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Barbotte (Bull-pout)

DERE 'S some lak dory, an' some lak bass,
  An' plaintee dey mus' have trout—
An' w'ite feesh too, dere 's quite a few
  Not satisfy do widout—
Very fon' of sucker some folk is, too,
  But for me, you can go an' cut
De w'ole of dem t'roo w'at you call menu,
  So long as I get barbotte—
    Ho! Ho! for me it 's de nice barbotte.

No fuss to ketch heem—no row at all,
  De sam' as you have wit' bass—
Never can tell if you hook heem well,
  An' mebbe he 's gone at las'!
An' trout, wall! any wan 's ketchin' trout
  Dey got to be purty smart—
But leetle bull-pout, don't have to look out,
  For dem feller got no heart—
    Good t'ing, dey ain't got no heart

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Dat 's wan of de reason I lak heem too—
For all you have got to do
Is takin' your pole on de feeshin' hole
An' anchor de ole canoe—
Den spit on de worm for luck, an' pass
De leetle hook up de gut,
An' drop it down slow, jus' a minute or so,
An' pull up de nice barbotte,
Ha! Ha! de fine leetle fat barbotte.

Pleasan' to lissen upon de spring
De leetle bird sing hees song,
W'ile you watch de line an' look out for sign
Of mooshrat swimmin' along;
Den tak' it easy an' smoke de pipe,
An' w'ere is de man has got
More fun dan you on de ole canoe
W'en dey 're bitin', de nice barbotte—
De nice leetle fat barbotte.

No runnin' aroun' on de crick for heem,
No jompin' upon de air,
Makin' you sweat till your shirt is wet
An' sorry you 're comin' dere—
Foolin' away wit' de rod an' line
Mebbe de affernoon—
For sure as he bite he 's dere all right,
An' you 're ketchin' heem very soon—
Yass sir! you 're gettin' heem purty soon.

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Den tak' heem off home wit' a dozen more
An' skin heem so quick you can,
Fry heem wit' lard, an' you 'll fin' it hard
To say if dere 's on de pan
Such feesh as dat on de worl' before
Since Adam, you know, is shut
Out of de gate w'en he 's comin' home late,
As de nice leetle fat barbotte—
Dat 's true, de nice leetle sweet barbotte.

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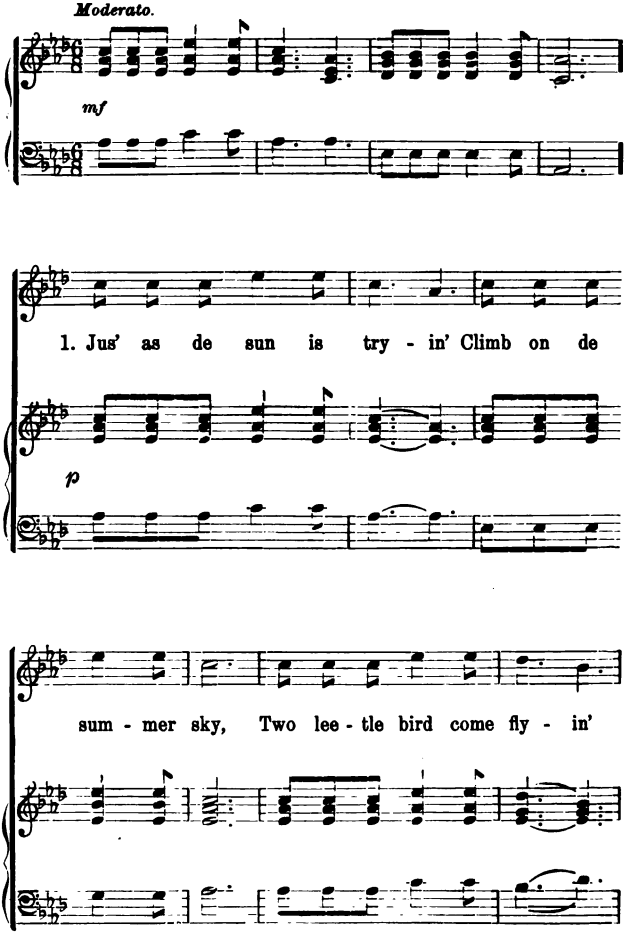
"THE ROSSIGNOL."

[Old French Canadian Air, "*Sur La Montagne.*"]

Words by WILLIAM H. DRUMMOND. Arr. by HERBERT SPENCER.



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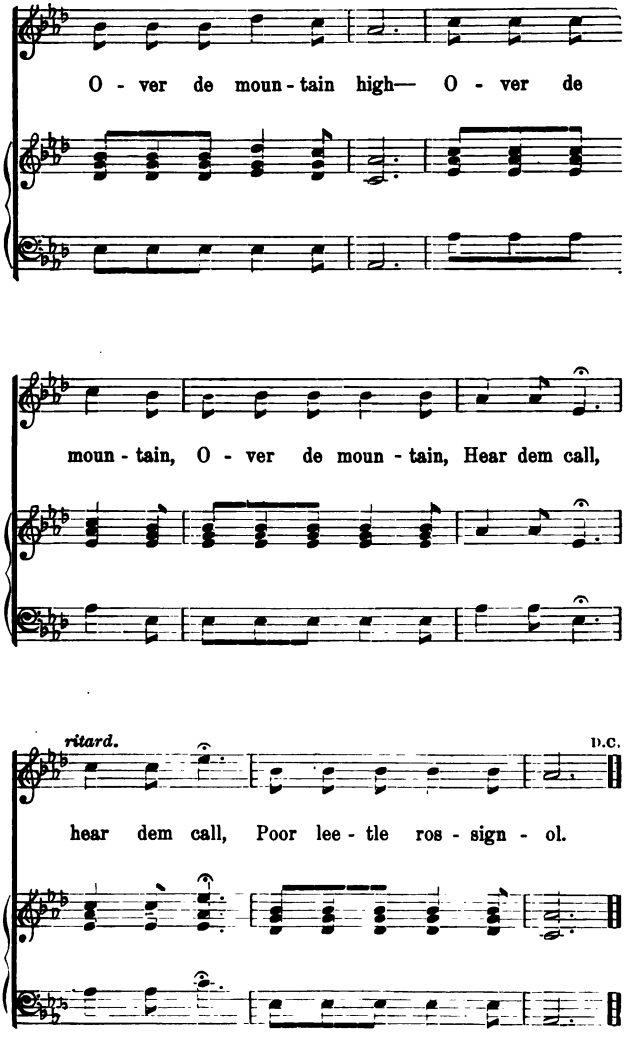
"THE ROSSIGNOL."—*Concluded.*



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THE ROSSIGNOL

Air—"Sur la Montagne"

JUS' as de sun is tryin'
Climb on de summer sky
Two leetle bird come flyin'
Over de mountain high—
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear dem call,
Hear dem call—poor leetle rossignol!

Out of de nes' togeder,
Broder an' sister too,
Out on de summer wedder
W'en de w'ole worl' is new—
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear dem call,
Hear dem call—poor leetle rossignol!

No leetle heart was lighter,
No leetle bird so gay,
Never de sun look brighter
Dan he is look to-day—

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Over de mountain, over de mountain,
  Hear dem call,
Hear dem call—poor leetle rossignol!

W'y are dey leave de nes' dere
  W'ere dey was still belong?
Better to stay an' res' dere
  Until de wing is strong.
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear dem call,
Hear dem call—poor leetle rossignol!

W'at is dat watchin' dere now
  Up on de maple tall,
Better look out, tak' care now,
  Poor leetle rossignol,
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear dem call,
Hear dem call—poor leetle rossignol!

Here dey are comin' near heem
  Singin' deir way along—
How can dey know to fear heem
  Poor leetle bird so young—
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear dem call,
Hear dem call—poor leetle rossignol!

Moder won't hear you cryin',
  W'at is de use to call,

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W'en he is comin' flyin'
  Quick as de star is fall?
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear dem call,
Hear dem call—poor leetle rossignol!

. . . . . .

Up w'ere de nes' is lyin',
  High on de cedar bough,
W'ere de young hawk was cryin'
  Soon will be quiet now.
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear heem call,
Hear heem call—poor leetle rossignol!

If he had only kissed her,
  Poor leetle rossignol!
But he was los' hees sister,
  An' it 's alone he call—
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear heem call,
Hear heem call—poor leetle rossignol!

Only a day of gladness,
  Only a day of song,
Only a night of sadness
  Lastin' de w'ole life long.
Over de mountain, over de mountain,
Hear heem call,
Hear heem call—poor leetle rossignol!

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"Don't bodder no wan on de school
Unless dey bodder heem."

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An' Joe he leev' for many year
An' helpin' ev'ry wan
Upon de parish far an' near
Till all hees money 's gone—
An' den de Curé come again
Wit' tear-drop on hees eye—
He know for sure poor Joe, hees frien',
Is well prepare to die.

"Wall! Joe, de work you done will tell
W'en you get up above—
De good God he will treat you well
An' geev' you all hees love.
De poor an' sick down here below,
I 'm sure dey 'll not forget,"
An' w'at you t'ink he say, poor Joe,
Drawin' hees only breat'?
"Wall! meb-be."

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Snubbing (Tying-up) the Raft

LAS' night dey 're passin', de golden plover,
Dis mornin' I 'm seein' de bluebird's wing,
So if not'ing go wrong, de winter 's over,
An' not very long till we got de spring.

An' nex' t'ing de reever she 'll start a-hummin',
An' den you 'll hear it, de song an' laugh,
Is tellin' de news, de boys are comin'
Home again on de saw-log raf'.

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All very well for see dem swingin'
Roun' de beeg islan' dere on de bay,
Nice t'ing too, for to hear dem singin',
'Cos it mak' me t'ink of de good ole day.

An' me—I could lissen dem song forever,
But it is n't so pleasan' w'en evenin' fall,
An' dey 're lookin' for place to stay, an' never
Snub de raf' on ma place at all—

Dat 's de fine cove if dey only know it—
Hard to fin' better on St. Maurice,
Up de reever or down below it,
An' house on de hill only leetle piece.

W'at is de reason den, w'en dey fin' dem
Raf' comin' near me, dey all get scare,
An' pull lak de devil was close behin' dem,
An' 'way down de reever to Joe Belair?

Two mile more, wit' de rock an' stone dere,
An' water so shallow can't float canoe,
But ev'ry boy of de gang, he 's goin' dere,
Even de cook, an' de captain too—

W'at is de reason, I lak to know—me—
Ma own leetle cove 's lyin' empty dere,
An' nobody stop till dey go below me,
Snubbin' de raf' on Joe Belair?

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Not'ing lak dat twenty year ago, sir,
W'en voyageurs' comin' from up above,
Dere 's only wan place us feller know, sir,
W'en dey 're goin' ashore, an' dat 's de cove.

An' dere on door of de house she 's stan'nin'
To welcome us back, Madame Baribeau,
An' Pierre hese'f, he was on de lan'nin',
Ready for ketchin' de rope we t'row.

An' oh! de girl use to mak' us crazy—
For many a fine girl Pierre has got—
Right on de jomp too—never lazy,
But Sophie 's de fines' wan of de lot.

Me—I was only a comon feller,
An' love—wall! jus' lak de leetle calf,
An' it 's true, I 'm sure, w'at dey offen tell her,
I 'm de uglies' man on boar' de raf'.

But Sophie 's so nice an' good shese'f too,
De uglies' man upon all de worl'
Forget hees face an' forget hese'f too,
T'ree minute affer he see dat girl—

An' dat 's de reason de chance is better,
For you must n't be t'ink of you'se'f at all,
But t'ink of de girl if you want to get her,
An' so we 're marry upon de fall.

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An' purty soon den dey all get started,
For marryin' fever come so strong
W'en de firse wan go, dat dey 're broken-hearted
An' tak' mos' anyt'ing come along.

So Joe Belair, w'en hees house is buil' dere,
He go down de reever wit' Eugenie,
An' place I settle on top de hill dere,
De ole man geev' it to Sophie an' me.

An' along dey come, wan foller de oder,
Dozen o' girl—not a boy at all—
Never a girl tak' affer de moder,
But all lak de fader, beeg an' small—

A dozen o' girl, of course, no wonder
A few of dem look lak me—sapree!
But w'en dey 're comin' dat way, ba tonder!
She 's jus' a leetle too moche for me.

An' Joe Belair, he was down below me,
Funny t'ing too, he is ketch also,
Ev'ryt'ing girl—how it come dunno—me—
But dey 're all lak de familee Baribeau—

Growin' up purty de sam' de moder—
An' soon as dey know it along de shore
De boys stop comin', an' never bodder
For snub de raf' on ma place no more—

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So w'at is de chance ma girl she 's gettin',
  Don't care w'ere I look, none at all I see,
No use, I s'pose, kipin' on a-frettin',
  Dough it 's very hard case poor man lak me.

W'at 'll I do for bring dem here,—me?
  Can't be blowin' dem to de moon—
Or buil' a dam on de reever near me
  For fear we 're sure to be drownin' soon.

To-night I can hear hees darn ole fiddle,
  Playin' away on Joe Belair—
Can hear heem holler, "Pass down de middle
  An' dance on your partner over dere."

Pleasan' t'ing too, for to smell de w'isky
  Off on de leetle back room—bâ oui—
Helpin' de ole folk mak' dem frisky,
  Very pleasan' for dem, but not for me—

Oh! it mak' me mad, an' I 'm tire tryin'
  To show how I feel, an' it 's hard to tell—
So I 'll geev' it up, for dere 's no good cryin';
  'Sides w'at is de use of a two-mile smell?

Non!—I don't go dere if dey all invite me,
  Or de worl' itse'f—she come to an' en'.
De Bishop hese'f, ba Gosh! can write me,
  But Jo-seph Belair, he 's no more ma frien'.

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"To-night I can hear hees darn ole fiddle,
Playin' away on Joe Belair."

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Can't fin' me dere if de sky come down, sir,
I rader ma girl she would never dance—
But far away, off on de Yankee town, sir,
I 'll tak' dem we're mebbe dey have a chance.

An' reever an' cove, dough I 'll not forget dem,
An' voyageurs too, an' Joe Belair,
Can do w'at dey lak, an' me—I 'll let dem
Go w'ere dey want to, for I don't care.

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A Rainy Day in Camp

A RAINY day in camp! how you draw the blankets closer,
As the big drops patter, patter on the shingles overhead,
How you shudder when recalling your wife's "You ought to know, sir,
That it 's dangerous and improper to smoke a pipe in bed."

A rainy day in camp! is it possible to find better?
Tho' the lake is like a caldron, and aloft the thunder rolls;
Yet the old canoe is safely on the shore where you can let her
Stay as long as Jupiter Pluvius in the clouds is punching holes.

A rainy day in camp! and the latest publication
That the mice have left unnibbled, tells you all about "Eclipse,"

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How the Derby fell before him, how he beat
equine creation,
But the story yields to slumber with the pipe
between your lips.

Wake again and turn the pages, where they
speak of Lester Wallack
And the heroes of the buskin over thirty
years ago—
Then in case the damp surroundings cause an
inconvenient colic,
What 's the matter with the treatment neu-
tralizing H_2O?

A rainy day in camp! what an interesting col-
lection,
In this magazine so ancient, of items small
and great—
The History of the Negro, illustrating every
section,
So different from the present White House
Colored Fashion Plate!

A rainy day in camp! and you wonder how the
C. P.
And the G. T. competition will affect the
Golden West—

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But these problematic matters only tend to make you sleepy,
And again beneath the blankets, like a babe you sink to rest.

Cometh now the giant moose heads, that no eye of man can number—
Every rain-drop on the roof-tree is a plunging three-pound trout—
Till a musk ox in a snow-drift turns and butts you out of slumber,
And you wake to hear Bateese say, "Dat 's too bad, de fire 's gone out."

A rainy night in camp! with the blazing logs before us,
Let the wolf howl in the forest and the loon scream on the lake,
Turn them loose, the wild performers of Nature's Opera Chorus
And ask if Civilization can sweeter music make.

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Josette

I SEE Josette on de car to-day,
Leetle Josette Couture,
An' it 's easy tellin' she 's been away
On market of Bonsecour—
'Cos dere 's de blueberry on de pail
Wit' more t'ing lyin' about—
An' dere 's de basket wit' de tail
Of de chicken stickin' out.

Ev'ry conductor along de road
Help her de bes' he can,
An' I see dem sweat wit' de heavy load,
Many a beeg, strong man—
But it 's differen' t'ing w'en she tak' hol',
Leavin' dem watchin' dere—
For wedder de win' blow hot or cole
Josette never turn a hair.

Wonderful woman for seexty-five—
Smart leetle woman sure!
An' if he 's wantin' to kip alive
On church of de Bonsecour

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De pries' he mus' rise 'fore de rooster crow,
Or mebbe he 'll be too late
For seein' dere on de street below,
Josette comin' in de gate.

An' half of de mornin' she don't spen' dere
Hangin' aroun' de pew—
Bodderin' God wid de long, long prayer—
For bote of dem got to do
Plaintee work 'fore de day's gone by,
An' well she know—Josette—
No matter how busy an' hard she try,
De work 's never finish yet.

An' well he know it, de habitant,
Who is it ketch heem, w'en
He 's drivin' along from St. Laurent—
For it 's easier bargain den—
'Cos if de habitant only sole
De whole of hees load dat way—
Of course he 's savin' de market toll
An' not'ing at all to pay.

Dey call her ole maid, but I can't tell—me—
De chil'ren she has got:
No fader, no moder, dat 's way dey be—
You never see such a lot—
An' if you ax how she fin' de clothes
An' food for de young wan dere—

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"So dat 's de reason dey call Josette
Leetle sister of de poor."

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Digitized by Google

She say: "Wit' de help of God, I s'pose
An' de leetle shop down stair."

Comin' an' goin' mos' all de tam,
Helpin' dem all along,
Jus' lak de ole sheep watch de lamb
Till dey are beeg an' strong—
Not'ing lak dat I be seein' yet,
An' it 's hard to beat for sure—
So dat 's de reason dey call Josette
Leetle Sister of de poor.

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Joe Boucher

Air—"Car si mon moine."

JOE Boucher was a frien' of mine,
Joe Boucher was a happy man,
Till he tell a young girl he 'd lak to fin'
Some nice leetle wife for hees new cabane.
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of de wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

De nam' dat girl she 's Azeel-daw,
An' purty good worker, too, dey say —
She don't lose chance for a brave garçon,
An' so she marry Joe Boucher.
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of de wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

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Den off on de wood poor Joe he lef',
An' w'en he 's home wit' de bird in spring,
An' fin' leetle feller jus' lak hese'f,
Mebbe Joe don't dance an' Joe don't sing!
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of hees wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

Dat 's all very well till de fall come along,
An' Joe got to go on de bush encore,
But w'en he come back he sing no song,
For dere was two leetle baby more.
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of de wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

He don't say not'ing, but he t'ink beeg lot,
An' won't tak' a drink for two, t'ree day,
But not moche money poor Joe he got,
So off on de reever he 's goin' away.
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of de wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

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W'en May come along dat beau garçon
He 's only gettin' anòder scare—
For he know by de smile on Azeel-daw
She got t'ree fine new baby dere.
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of de wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

So he kill hese'f dead, dat beau garçon
He work so hard for de familee,
An' he say, "Too bad, but Azeel-daw,
I 'm sorry she marry poor man lak me."
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of hees wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

Now I know very well dat all poor man
He tak' some chance w'en he get marié,
So he better look out all de bes' he can,
Or he 'll be ketch lak Joe Boucher—
Now he 's los' hees life too,
All on account of de wife too,
An' I know you 'll be sorry 'bout dat poor feller,
I know you 'll be sorry for Joe Boucher.

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Charmette

AWAY off back on de mountain-side,
Not easy t'ing fin' de spot,
W'ere de lake below is long an' wide,
A nice leetle place I got,
Mebbe ten foot deep by twenty-two,
An' if you see it, I bet
You 'll not be surprise w'en I tole to you
I chrissen dat place Charmette.

Dat 's purty beeg word, Charmette, for go
On poor leetle house so small,
Wit' only wan chimley, a winder or so,
An' no galerie at all—
But I want beeg word, so de worl' will know
W'at dat place it was mean to me,
An' dere on de book of Jean Jacques Rousseau,
Charmette is de nam' I see.

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O ma dear Charmette! an' de stove is dere,
(Good stove) an' de wood-pile too.
An' stretch out your finger mos' anyw'ere,
Dere 's plaintee for comfort you—
You 're hongry? wall! you got pork an' bean,
Mak' you feel lak Edouard de King —
You 're torsty? Jus' look dere behin' de screen,
An' mebbe you fin' somet'ing—

Ha! Ha! you got it. Ma dear Charmette.
Dere 's many fine place, dat 's true,
If you travel aroun' de worl', but yet
W'ere is de place lak you?
Open de door, don't kip it close—
W'at 's air of de mornin' for?
Would you fassen de door on de win' dat blows
Over God's own boulevard?

You see dat lake? Wall! I alway hate
To brag—but she 's full of trout,
So full dey can't jump togeder, but wait
An' tak' deir chance, turn about—
An' if you be campin' up dere above,
De mountain would be so high,
Very offen de camp you 'd have to move,
Or how can de moon pass by?

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"You see dat lake? Wall! I alway hate
To brag—but she 's full of trout."

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It 's wonderful place for sure, Charmette,
An' ev'ry wan say to me—
I got all de pleasure de man can get
'Cept de wife an' de familee—
But somebody else can marry ma wife,
Have de familee too also,
W'at more do I want, so long ma life
Was spare to me here below?

For we can't be happier dan we been
Over twenty year, no siree!
An' if ever de stranger come between
De leetle Charmette an' me,
Den all I can say is, kip out de way,
For dynamite sure I 'll get,
An' affer dat you can hunt all day
For me an' ma dear Charmette.

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Lac Souci

TALK about lakes! dere 's none dat lies in
Laurentide mountain or near de sea,
W'en de star 's gone off an' de sun is risin',
Can touch w'at dey call it Lac Souci,
Restin' dere wit' de woods behin' her,
Sleepin' dere t'roo de summer night—
But watch her affer de mornin's fin' her,
An' over de hill-top shine de light.

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See w'ere de shadder sweep de water,
Pine tree an' cloud, how dey come an' go;
Careful now, an' you 'll see de otter
Slidin' into de pool below—
Look at de loon w'en de breeze is ketch heem,
Shakin' hese'f as he cock de eye!
Takes a nice leetle win' to fetch heem,
So he 's gettin' a chance to fly.

Every bird dey mus' kip behin' heem
W'en he 's only jus' flap de wing,
Ah! dere he 's goin'—but never min' heem,
For lissen de robin begin to sing—
Trout 's comin' up too!—dat 's beeg rise dere,
Four of dem! Golly! it 's purty hard case,
No rod here, an' dey 're all good size dere!
Don't ax me not'ing about de place.

No use nobody goin' murder
T'ree an' four pounder lak dat, siree!
Wall! if you promise it won't go furder
I 'll tole you nex' summer — bimeby—
mebbe—
W'at is dat movin' among de spruce dere?
Sure as I 'm livin' dere 's 'noder wan too—
Offen enough I 'm gettin' a moose dere,
Non!—it 's only a couple of caribou.

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Black duck so early? See how dey all come,
Wan leetle family roun' de ben'—
Let dem enjoy it, wait till de fall come,
Dey won't be feelin' so happy den!
Smoke on de mountain? Yass, I can smell her—
Who is it now, Jean Bateese Boucher?
Geev' me some tam, an' I 'll feex dat feller
Shootin' de moose on de summer day.

W'at do you t'ink of a sapree beaver
Hittin' hees tail on de lake dat way?
Ought to be home wit' hees wife—not leave her
Workin' away on de house all day—
Funny t'ing, too, how he alway fin' me
Sailin' along on de ole canoe,
Lookin' for sign—den bang! behin' me
An' down on de water—dat 's w'at he do.

Otter feeshin' an' bob cat cryin'—
Up on de sky de beeg black hawk—
Down on de swamp w'ere a dead log 's lyin',
Pa'tridge doin' hees own cake-walk!
If you never was see dem, hear dem—
Tak' leetle tour on de Lac Souci,
An' w'enever you 're comin' near dem,
You 're goin' crazy de sam' as me.

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Talk about lakes of every nation,
  Talk about water of any kin',
Don't matter you go over all creation—
  De Lac Souci she can beat dem blin'.
Happy to leev an' happy to die dere—
  But Heaven itself won't satisfy me,
Till I fin' leetle hole off on de sky dere
  W'ere I can be lookin' on Lac Souci!

Digitized by Google

Poirier's Rooster

"W'AT 'S dat? de ole man gone, you say?
Wall! Wall! he mus' be sick,
For w'en he pass de oder day,
He walk along widout de stick,
Lak twenty year or so—
Fine healt'y man, ole Telesphore,
I never see heem sick before,
Some rheumateez, but not'ing more—
Please tell me how he go."

You 're right, no common t'ing for sure
Is kill heem lak de res';
No sir! de man was voyageur
Upon de Grande Nor' Wes'
Until he settle here
Is not de feller 's goin' die
Before he 's ready by an' bye,
So if you want de reason w'y
I 'll tell you, never fear.

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You know how moche he lak to spik
An' tole us ev'ryt'ing about
De way de French can alway lick
An' pull de w'ole worl' inside out,
Poor Telesphore Cadotte!
He 's knowin' all de victory,
An' braves' t'ing was never be,
To hear heem talk, it 's easy see
He 's firse-class patriot.

Hees leetle shoe store ev'ry night
Can hardly hol' de crowd of folk
Dat come to lissen on de fight,
An' w'en you see de pile of smoke
An' hear ole Telesphore
Hammer de boot upon hees knee,
You t'ink of course of Chateauguay,
An' feel dat 's two, t'ree enemy
Don't bodder us no more.

But oh! dat evening w'en he sen'
De call aroun' for come en masse,
An' den he say, "Ma dear ole frien',
Dere 's somet'ing funny come to pass,
I lak you all to hear—
You know dat Waterloo affair?
H-s-s-h! don't get excite, you was n't dere—
All quiet? Wall! I 'll mak' it square,
So lissen on your ear.

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"I 'm readin' on de book to-day
(Some book, dey say, was guarantee),
An' half a dollar too I pay,
But cheap, because it 's tellin' me
De t'ing I 'm glad to know—
Of course de w'ole worl' understan'
Napoléon fight de bes' he can,
But he 's not French at all, dat man,
But leetle small Da-go.

"Anoder t'ing was mak' it show
Dere 's not'ing new below de sun,
Is w'en I 'm findin' as I go—
Dat feller dey call Welling-ton,
He 's English? No siree!
But only maudit Irlandais!
(Dat 's right! dey 're alway in de way,
Dem Irish folk), an' so I say
I 'm satisfy for me.

"It 's not our fault, dat 's all explain—
Dere 's no use talk of Waterloo,
Not our affair—" an' off again
He hammer, hammer on de shoe,
An' don't say not'ing more,
But w'issle "*Madame Isabeau*,"
Good news lak dat is cheer heem so—
Den tak' a drink before we go,
De poor ole Telesphore!

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An' now he 's gone! Wall! I dunno,
Can't say—he 's better off meb-be,
Don't work so hard on w'ere he go—
Dat 's wan t'ing sure I 'm t'inkin'—me—
Unless he los' hees track.
But w'en dat boy come runnin' in
De leetle shop, an' start begin
On Poirier's rooster, how he win—
I lak to break hees back.

Poor Telesphore was tellin' how
Joe Monferrand can't go to sleep,
Until he 's kickin' up de row,
Den pile dem nearly ten foot deep,
Dem English sojer man—
Can't blame de crowd dey all hooraw,
For bes' man on de Ottawaw,
An' geev' t'ree cheer for Canadaw,
De very bes' dey can.

An' Telesphore again he start
For tell de story leetle more,
Anoder wan before we part,
W'en bang! a small boy t'roo de door
On w'at you call "full pelt,"
Is yellin' till it reach de skies,
" Poirier's rooster got de prize,
Poirier's rooster got de prize,
An' win de Champion belt!"

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An' sure enough, he beat dem all,
  Joe Poirier's leetle red game bird,
On beeges' show dey have dis fall,—
  De Yankee rooster only t'ird
An' Irish number two—
We hear a jump, an' Telesphore—
I never see de lak before—
He flap hees wing upon de floor
    An' cock a doodle doo!

Dat 's finish heem, he 's gone at las',
  An' never come aroun' again—
We 'll miss heem w'en we 're goin' pas',
  An' see no light upon de pane—
But pleasure we have got,
We 'll kip it on de memory yet,
An' dough of course we 'll offen fret,
Dere 's wan t'ing sure, we 'll not forget
Poor Telesphore Cadotte!

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Dominique

YOU dunno ma leetle boy Dominique?
Never see heem runnin' roun' about de place?
'Cos I want to get advice how to kip heem lookin' nice,
So he won't be alway dirty on de face—
Now dat leetle boy of mine, Dominique,
If you wash heem an' you sen' heem off to school,
But instead of goin' dere, he was playin' fox an' hare—
Can you tell me how to stop de leetle fool?

"I 'd tak' dat leetle feller Dominique,
An' I 'd put heem on de cellar ev'ry day,
An' for workin' out a cure, bread an' water 's very sure,
You can bet he mak' de promise not to play!"

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Dat 's very well to say, but ma leetle Dominique
W'en de jacket we put on heem 's only new,
An' he 's goin' travel roun' on de medder up an' down,
Wit' de strawberry on hees pocket runnin' t'roo,
An' w'en he climb de fence, see de hole upon hees pant,
No wonder hees poor moder 's feelin' mad!
So if you ketch heem den, w'at you want to do, ma frien'?
Tell me quickly an' before he get too bad.

"I 'd lick your leetle boy Dominique,
I 'd lick heem till he 's cryin' purty hard,
An' for fear he 's gettin' spile, I 'd geev' heem castor ile,
An' I would n't let heem play outside de yard."

If you see ma leetle boy Dominique
Hangin' on to poor ole "Billy" by de tail,
W'en dat horse is feelin' gay, lak I see heem yesterday,
I s'pose you t'ink he 's safer on de jail?
W'en I 'm lightin' up de pipe on de evenin' affer work,
An' de powder dat young rascal 's puttin' in,

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It was makin' such a pouf, nearly blow me
t'roo de roof—
W'at 's de way you got of showin' 't was a
sin?

"Wall! I put heem on de jail right away,
You may bet de wan is got de beeges' wall!
A honder foot or so, w'ere dey never let heem
go,
Non! I would n't kip a boy lak dat at all."

Dat 's good advice for sure, very good,
On de cellar, bread an' water—it 'll do,
De nice sweet castor ile geev' heem ev'ry leetle
w'ile,
An' de jail to finish up wit' w'en he 's t'roo!
Ah! ma frien', you never see Dominique,
W'en he 's lyin' dere asleep upon de bed,
If you do, you say to me, "W'at an angel he
mus' be,
An' dere can't be not'ing bad upon hees
head."

Many t'ank for your advice, an' it may be
good for some,
But de reason you was geev' it is n't very
hard to seek—
Yass! it 's easy seein' now w'en de talk is
over, how
You dunno ma leetle boy Dominique.

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Home

"OH! Mother the bells are ringing as never they rang before,
And banners aloft are flying, and open is every door,
While down in the streets are thousands of men I have never seen—
But friendly are all the faces—oh! Mother, what can it mean?"

"My little one," said the mother, "for many long, weary years—
Thro' days that the sunshine mocked at, and nights that were wet with tears,
I have waited and watched in silence, too proud to speak, and now
The pulse of my heart is leaping, for the children have kept the vow.

"And there they are coming, coming, the brothers you never knew,
But, sightless, my ears would know them, so steady and firm and true

Digitized by Google

Is the tramp of men whose fathers trod where
the wind blows free,
Over the heights of Queenston, and willows of
Chateaugay.

"For whether it be a thousand, or whether a
single man—
In the calm of peace, or battle, since ever the
race began,
No human eye has seen it—'t is an undis-
covered clime,
Where the feet of my children's fathers have
not stepped and beaten time.

"The enemy at my threshold had boasted and
jeered and cried—
'The pledge of your offsprings' birthright your
children have swept aside—
They cumber the land of strangers, they dwell
in the alien's tent
Till "home" is a word forgotten, and "love"
but a bow unbent.

" 'Planners and builders of cities (were ever
such men as these?),
Counsellors, guides, and moulders of the
strangers' destinies—

Digitized by Google

Conquerors, yet are they conquered, and this
is the word and sign,
You boast of their wise seed-sowing, but the
harvest they reap is *mine.*'

"Ah! little the stranger knew me—this mock-
ing but friendly foe,
The youngest mother of nations! how could
the stranger know
The faith of the old grey mother,—her sorrows
and hopes and fears?
Let her speak when her sons are tested, like
mine, for a thousand years!

"Afar in the dim savanna when the dawn of
the spring is near,
What is it wakes the wild goose, calling him
loud and clear?
What is it brings him homeward, battered and
tempest-torn?
Are they weaker than birds of passage, the
children whom I have borne?

"Nay! the streets of the city tremble with the
tread that shakes the world,
When the sons of the blood foregather, and
the mother flag flies unfurled—

Digitized by Google

Brothers are welcoming brothers, and the voices that pierce the blue
Answer the enemy's taunting—and the children of York are true!

"Wanderers may be, traitors never! By the scroll of their fathers' lives!
The faith of the land that bore them, and the honour of their wives!
We may lose them, our own strong children, blossom and root and stem—
But the cradle will be remembered, and home is aye home to them!"

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Canadian Forever

WHEN our fathers crossed the ocean
In the glorious days gone by,
They breathed their deep emotion
In many a tear and sigh—
Tho' a brighter lay before them
Than the old, old land that bore them
And all the wide world knows now
That land was Canada.

So line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright
And they 'll find us like a wall—
For we are Canadian—Canadian forever,
Canadian forever—Canadian over all.

Our fathers came to win us
This land beyond recall—
And the same blood flows within us
Of Briton, Celt, and Gaul—

Digitized by Google

Keep alive each glowing ember
Of our sireland, but remember
Our country is Canadian
  Whatever may befall.

So line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright
  And they 'll find us like a wall—
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,
  Canadian forever—Canadian over all.

Who can blame them, who can blame us
  If we tell ourselves with pride
How a thousand years to tame us
  The foe has often tried—
And should e'er the Empire need us,
She'll require no chains to lead us,
For we are Empire's children—
  But Canadian over all.

Then line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright
  And they 'll find us like a wall—
For we are Canadian, Canadian forever,
  Canadian forever—Canadian over all!

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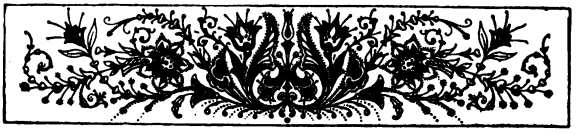

Twins

I congratulate ye, Francis,
And more power to yer wife—
An' from Montreal to Kansas,
I could safely bet my life
Ye wor proud enough, I hould ye—
Runnin' with the safety pins
Whin ould Mrs. Dolan tould ye,
"Milia murther! she has twins!"

Ye might kill me without warnin'—
Lay me out there on the shelf—
For a sight of ye that mornin',
Throwin' bookays at yerself!
Faix! ye thought ye had a cinch there,
An' begob! so well ye might,
For not even with the Frinch there,
Twins like thim come every night!

Francis, aisy now an' listen
To yer mother's brother James—
Whin the twins ye go to christen,
Don't ye give thim fancy names—

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Irene—Edith—Gladys—Mavis—
  Cecil Rhodes an' Percival—
If it 's names like that, Lord save us!
  Don't live close to the canal!

Michael Whalen of St. Lambert
  Had a boy some years ago—
Called him Clarence Montizambert—
  Where he got it I dunno—
Monty used to have a brother
  (*He* was Marmaduke Fitzjames),
Killed himself some way or other
  Thryin' to pronounce his names!

Bet was three times in a minute,
  An' he thrained hard for the same,
But the lad was never in it—
  Tho' they tell me he died game!
Well, sir!—Monty grew the height of
  Fin McCool or Brian Boru—
Truth I 'm tellin', but in spite of
  Ev'rything poor Mike could do—

Divil a dacint situation
  Monty got, but dhrive a hack,
At the Bonaventure station—
  'T was the name that kept him back—
Till his friend, John Reilly, tould him,
  "Change the haythen name for Pat—"

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Pathrick Joseph—now behould him
  Walkin' dillygate! think o' that!
So be careful, Master Francis,
  An' ye 'll bless yer uncle James—
Don't be takin' any chances
  With thim God-forsaken names!

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Keep Out of the Weeds

NO smarter man you can never know
W'en I was a boy, dan Pierre Nadeau,
An' quiet he 's too, very seldom talk,
But got an eye lak de mountain hawk,
See all aroun' heem mos' ev'ryw'ere,
An' not many folk is foolin' Pierre.

Offen I use to be t'inkin'—me—
How on de worl' it was come to be
He know so moche, w'en he never go
On college or school, ole Pierre Nadeau,
Feesh on de reever de summer t'roo,
An' trap on de winter—dat 's all he do.

"Hi! boy—Hi! put your book away,
An' come wit' your uncle Pierre to-day,
Ketch hol' of de line an' hang on tight,
An' see if your moder won't cook to-night
Some nice fresh feesh for de familee,"
Many a tam he was say to me—

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An' den I 'm quiet, too scare to spik,
W'ile Pierre he paddle me down de crick,
Easy an' nice he mak' her go
Close to de shore w'ere de bulrush grow,
W'ere de pike an' de beeg feesh lak to feed,
Deir nose stickin' out w'ere you see de weed—

"Lissen, ma boy," say Pierre Nadeau,
"To some of de t'ing you ought to know:
Kip a lookout on de hook an' line,
In case dey 're gettin' too far behin';
For it 's purty hard job know w'at to do,
If de reever weed 's ketchin' hol' of you.

"But if you want feesh, you mus' kip leetle close,
For dat 's w'ere de beeg feller come de mos',
Not on de middle w'ere water 's bare,
But near to de rushes over dere,
'Cos dat was de spot dey alway feed—
All de sam' you got to look out for weed.

"Ho! Ho! a strike! let heem have it now—
Gosh! ain't he a'kickin' heem up de row,
Pullin' so hard, never min', ma son,
W'en he go lak dat he was nearly done,
But he 's all right now, so don't be afraid,
Jus' hit heem again wit' de paddle blade.

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"Yass! over an' over, it 's good advice,
An' me, I know, for I pay de price
On w'at you call compoun' interes' too,
For larnin' de lesson I geev' to you,
Close as you lak, but, ma boy, tak' heed
You don't run into de beeg long weed.

"An' by an' by w'en you 're growin' up,
An' mebbe drink of de black, black cup
Of trouble an' bodder an' dunno w'at,
You 'll say to you'se'f, 'Wall! I forgot
De lesson ole Pierre he know I need,'
W'en he say to me, 'Boy, look out for weed'—

"For de worl 's de sam' as de reever dere,
Plaintee of weed lyin' ev'ryw'ere,
But work aroun' or your life is gone,
An' tak' some chance or you won't get on,
For if you don't feesh w'ere de weed is grow,
You 'll only ketch small leetle wan or so—

"Dere 's no use sayin', 'I 'll wait an' see
If some of dem feesh don't come to me,
I 'll stay outside, for it 's pleasan' here,
W'ere de water 's lookin' so nice an' clear,'
Dat 's way you 'll never get w'at you need—
Keep feeshin' away, but look out for weed."

. . . . . .

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Dat was de lesson ole Pierre Nadeau
Tell to me offen, so long ago—
Poor ole Pierre! an' I 'm tryin' too,
Tak' hees advice, for I know it 's true,
But far as it goes we 're all de same breed,
An' it 's not so easy kip out de weed.

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The Holy Island

DEY call it de Holy Islan'
W'ere de lighthouse stan' alone,
Lookin' across w'ere de breaker toss,
Over de beeg grey stone;
Dey call it de Holy Islan,'
For wance, on de day gone by,
A holy man from a far-off lan'
Is leevin' dere, till he die.

Down from de ole, ole people,
Scatter upon de shore,
De story come of Fader Jerome,
De pries' of Salvador
Makin' hees leetle house dere,
Wit' only hees own two han,'
Workin' along, an' singin' de song
Nobody understan'.

"All for de ship an' sailor
Out on de stormy sea,
I mak' ma home," say Fader Jerome,
"W'ere de rock an' de beeg wave be.

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De good God up on de Heaven
Is answer me on de prayer,
An' bring me here, so I 'll never fear,
But foller heem ev'ryw'ere!"

Lonely it was, dat islan',
Seven league from de coas',
An' only de cry, so loud an' high,
Of de poor drown sailors' ghos'
You hear, wit' de screamin' sea gull;
But de man of God he go
An' anchor dere, an' say hees prayer
For ev'rywan here below.

. . . . . .

Night on de ocean 's fallin',
Deep is de fog, an' black,
As on dey come, to deir islan' home,
De sea-bird hurryin' back;
W'at is it mak' dem double
An' stop for a minute dere,
As if in fear of a soun' dey hear,
Meetin' dem on de air?

Sweeter dey never lissen,
Magic it seem to be,
Hangin' aroun', dat wonderful soun',
Callin' across de sea;
Music of bell 's widin it,
An' foller it on dey go

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High on de air, till de islan' dere
Of Salvador lie below.

Dat 's w'ere de bell 's a-ringin'
Over de ocean track,
Troo fog an' rain an' hurricane,
An' w'enever de night is black;
Kipin' de vow he 's makin',
Dat 's w'at he 's workin' for,
Ringin de bell, an' he do it well,
De Fader of Salvador!

An' de years go by, an' quickly,
An' many a sailor's wife
She 's prayin' long, an' she 's prayin' strong
Dat God he will spare de life
Of de good, de holy Fader,
Off w'ere de breakers roar,
Only de sea for hees companie,
Alone on Salvador.

. . . . . .

Summer upon de islan',
Quiet de sea an' air,
But no bell ring, an' de small bird sing,
For summer is ev'ryw'ere;
A ship comin' in, an' on it
De wickedes' capitaine
Was never sail on de storm, or gale,
From here to de worl's en'!

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"Geev' me dat bell a-ringin'
For not'ing at all, mon père;
Can't sleep at night, w'en de moon is bright
For noise she was makin' dere.
I'm sure she was never chrissen,
An' we want no heretic bell;
W'ere is de book? For you mus' look
An' see if I chrissen it well!"

Leevin' heem broken-hearted,
For Fader Jerome is done,
He sail away wit' de bell dat day,
Capitaine Malcouronne;
An' down w'ere dead man 's lyin',
Down on de ocean deep,
He sink it dere, w'ile he curse an' swear,
An' tole it to go to sleep.

An' t'ree more year is passin',
An' now it 's a winter night:
Poor Salvador, so bles' before,
Is sittin' among de fight
Of breaker, an' sea-bird yellin',
An' noise of a tousan' gun,
W'en troo de fog, lak a dreefin' log,
Come Capitaine Malcouronne!

Gropin' along de sea dere,
Wonderin' w'ere he be,

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Prayin' out loud, before all de crowd
Of sailor man on hees knee;
Callin' upon de devil,
"Help! or I 'm gone!" he shout;
"Dat bell it go to you down below,
So now you can ring me out

"To de open sea, an' affer
I promise you w'at I do,
Yass, ev'ry day I 'll alway pray
To you, an' to only you—
Kip me in here no longer,
Or de shore I won't see again!"
T'ink of de prayer he 's makin' dere,
Dat wicked ole capitaine!

An' bell it commence a-ringin',
Quiet at firse, an' den
Lak tonder crash, de ship go smash,
An' w'ere is de capitaine?
An' de bell kip ringin', ringin',
Drownin' de breakers' roar,
An' dere she lie, w'ile de sea-birds cry,
On de rock of Salvador.

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The Rivière des Prairies

I SEE de many reever on de State an' ev'ry-w'ere,
From Maine to California, New York to Michigan,
An' wan way an' de oder, I tell you I don't care;
I travel far upon dem as moche as any man—
But all de t'ousan' reever I was never pass along,
For w'at dey call de beauty, from de mountain to de sea,
Dere 's wan dat I be t'inkin,' de wan w'ere I belong,
Can beat dem all, an' easy, too, de Rivière des Prairies!

Jus' tak' de Hudson Reever, an' de Mississippi too,
Missouri, an' de res' of dem, an' oders I can't t'ink,
Dey 're all beeg, dirty places, wit' de steamboat gruntin' troo,

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An' de water runnin' in dem is black as any ink,
An' de noises of dem reever never stoppin' night or day,
An' de row along de shore, too, enough to mak' you scare;
Not a feesh is wort' de eatin', 'less you 're starvin by de way,
An' you 're feeling purty t'orsty if you drink de water dere!

So ketch de han' I geev' you w'ile I 'm on de humor now,
An' I bet you won't be sorry w'en you go along wit' me,
For I show you all aroun' dere, until you 're knowin' how
I come so moche to brag — me — on de Rivière des Prairies.
It 's a cole October mornin', an' de maple leaf is change
Ev'ry color you can t'ink of, from de purple to de green;
On de shore de crowd of blackbird, an' de crow begin' arrange
For de journey dey be takin' w'en de nort' win's blowin' keen.

Quick! down among de bushes! — don't you hear de wil' goose cry

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An' de honk de great beeg gander he was
makin' up above?
On de lake dey call Two Mountain is de place
dey 're goin' fly,
But only spen' de night-tam, for dey 're
alway on de move;
Jus' see de shadder dancin' up an' down, up
an' down,
You t'ink dem geese was passin' in an' out
between de tree
W'en de branch is bendin' over on de water all
aroun'
Now you see de place I 'm talkin', dat 's de
Rivière des Prairies!

Missouri! Mississippi! better wait till you go
back—
No tam for talk about dem w'en dis reever
you can see,
But watch de cloud a-sailin' lak a racer on de
track,
An' lissen to de music of de Rivière des
Prairies—
An' up along de shore dere, don't you envy
Bord à Plouffe?
Oh! dat's de place is lucky, have de reever
come so near—
I 'm knowin' all de people, ev'ry chimley,
ev'ry roof,

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For Bord à Plouffe she never change on over
feefty year!

St. Martin's bell is ringin', can't you hear it
easy now?
Dey 're marryin' or buryin' some good ole
frien' of me,
I wonder who it can be, don't matter anyhow,
So long as we 're a-lookin' on de Rivière des
Prairies.
Only notice how de sun shine w'en he's comin'
out to peep,
I 'm sure he 's leetle brighter dan anyw'ere
you see,
An' w'en de fall is over, an' de reever 's gone
to sleep,
De w'ites' snow is fallin' on de Rivière des
Prairies!

I love you, dear ole reever, more dan ev'ry
Yankee wan;
An' if I get de money, you will see me on de
train,
Wit' couple o' t'ousan' dollar, den hooraw! it 's
goodbye, John!
You can kill me if you ketch me leavin' Bord
à Plouffe again.
But sometam it 'll happen dat a feller 's gettin'
stop

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Because he 's comin' busy wit' de wife an' familee—
No matter, if de good God he won't forget to drop,
Ev'ry day an' night, hees blessin' on de Rivière des Prairies!

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The Wind that Lifts the Fog

OVER de sea de schooner boat
Star of de Sout' is all afloat,
Many a fine brave feesherman
Sailin' away for Newfunlan';
Ev'ry feller from St. Malo,
Dem is de boy can mak' her go!
Tearin' along t'roo storm or gale,
Never sparin' an inch of sail—

Down below w'en de night is come,
Out wit' de bottle an' t'ink of home,
Push it aroun' till bottle 's drain,
An' drink no more till we 're home again,
"Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog,
No matter how she 's blowin',
Nort' or sout', eas' or wes',
Dat is de win' we love de bes',
Ev'ry sailor an' young sea dog,
Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog
An' set de ship a-goin'."

Flyin' over de wave she go,
Star of de Sout' from St. Malo,

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Never a tack, before she ran
Out on de bank of Newfunlan'—
Drop de anchor, an' let her down,
Plaintee of comrade all aroun',
Feeshin' away till night is fall,
Singin' away wit' ev'ry haul,
"Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog,
No matter how she 's blowin',
Nort' or sout', eas' or wes',
Dat is de win' we love de bes',
Ev'ry sailor an' young sea dog,
Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog
An' set de ship a-goin'."

. . . . . .

Star of de Sout'—did you see de light
Steamin' along dat foggy night?
Poor leetle bird! anoder star
Shinin' above so high an' far
Dazzle you den, an' blin' de eye,
W'ile down below on de sea you lie
Anchor dere—wit' your broken wing
How could you fly w'en de sailor sing
"Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog
No matter how she 's blowin',
Nort' or sout', eas' or wes',
Dat is de win' we love de bes',
Ev'ry sailor an' young sea dog,
Here 's to de win' dat lif' de fog
An' set de ship a-goin' "?

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The Fox Hunt

I 'M all bus' up, for a mont' or two,
On account of de wife I got,
Wit' de fuss an' troublesome t'ing she do,
She 's makin' me sick a lot;
An' I 'm sorry dat woman was go to school
For larnin' de way to read,
Her fader an' moder is great beeg fool
For geevin' her more she need!

'Cos now it 's a paper ev'ry week,
Dollar a year, no less—
Plaintee o' talkin' about musique,
An' tell you de way to dress;
Of course dat 's makin' her try to sing
An' dress, till it 's easy see
She 's goin' crazy about de t'ing
Dey 're callin'—Societee.

Las' week, no sooner I come along
From market of Bonsecour,

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Dan I 'm seein' right off, dere 's somet'ing wrong,
For she 's stannin' outside de door
Smilin' so sweetly upon de face,
Lookin' so nice an' gay—
Anywan t'ink it 's purty sure case
She marry me yesterday.

Can't wait a minute till supper's t'roo
Before she commence to go—
"Oh! Johnnie, dere 's somet'ing I mus' tole you—
Somet'ing you lak to know—
To-morrow we 're goin' for drive aroun'
An' it won't be de heavy load,
Jus' me an' you, for to see dem houn'
T'row off on de Bord à Plouffe road."

"Denise, if dat was de grande affaire
On w'at you call à la mode—
Lookin' dem fox dog stannin' dere
T'row off on de Bord à Plouffe road,
You can count me out!" An' she start to cry—
"You know very well," she say,
"I don't mean dat—may I never die
But you 're a beeg fool to-day!

"Johnnie, to-morrow you 'll come wit' me
Watchin' dem run de race,

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Ketchin' de fox—if you don't, you see
We 're bote on de beeg disgrace.
Dey 're all comin' out from de reever side,
An' over from Beaurepaire,
Seein' de folk from de city ride,
An' ev'rywan 's sure be dere."

All right—an' to-morrow dere 's two new shoe,
So de leetle horse mak' de show,
Out wit' de buggy: de new wan too,
Only get her ten year ago—
An' dere on de road, you should see de gang
Of folk from aroun' de place,
Billy Dufresne, an' ole Champagne,
Comin' to see de race,

Wit' plaintee of stranger I never see,
An' some of dem from Pointe Claire,
All of dem bringin' de familee,
W'enever dere 's room to spare.
Wonderful sight—I 'm sure you say—
To see how Societee
(W'atever dat mean?) she got de way
Of foolin' de w'ole contree.

Den I 'm heetchin' de horse on de fence, for fear
Somebody run away,

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So man wit' de bugle he 's comin' near,
An' dis is de t'ing he say—
"You see any fox to-day, ma frien',
Runnin' aroun' at all,
You know any place he got hees den?
For we lak it to mak' de call."

An' me—I tell heem, "You mus' be wrong,
An' surely don't want to kill
De leetle red fox, about two foot long,
Dat 's leevin' below de hill;
Jompin' de horse till he break hees knee,
W'ile spotty dog mak' de row,
For a five-dollar fox? You can't fool me—
I know w'at you 're wantin' now!

"You hear de story of ole Belair,
He 's seein' de silver fox
W'enever he 's feeshin' de reever dere,
Sneakin' along de rocks."
But ma wife get madder I never see,
An' say, "Wall! you *mus'* be green—
Shut up right away," she 's tellin' me,
"It 's de leetle red fox he mean!"

So me—I say not'ing, but watch de fun—
An' spotty dog smell aroun'
Till dey start to yell, an' quick as a gun
Ev'rywan 's yellin', "Foun'!"

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An' de way dey 're goin' across de fiel',
De lady in front, before,
Dunno, but I 'm willin' to bet good deal
Somebody mus' be sore!

Over de fence dey 're jompin' now,
Too busy for see de gate
Stannin' wide open, an' den dey plough
Along at a terrible rate;
All for de small red fox, dey say,
Only de leetle fox,
You 're buyin' for five dollar any day,
An' put heem on two-foot box.

I 'm foolish enough, but not lak dat—
Never lak dat at all,
Sam' as you see a crazy cat
Tryin' to climb de wall;
So I say to ma wife, I 'm satisfy
On ev'ryt'ing I was see,
But happy an' glad, until I die,
I 'm not on Societee!

Losin' a day on de fall 's no joke,
Dat 's w'at I 'm tellin' you,
Jus' for de pleasure of see dem folk
Dress up on de howdy do;

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So I 'm sorry you go to school,
  Larnin' de readin' dere—
Could do it mese'f, an' play de fool,
  If money I got to spare.

But potatoes a dollar a bag,
  An' easy to sell de load,
Watchin' de houn' to see heem wag
  Hees tail, on de Bord à Plouffe road'
Foolin' away w'en de market 's good
  For seein' Societee
Chasin' de leetle fox t'roo de wood
  Wit' crazy folk!—no siree!

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